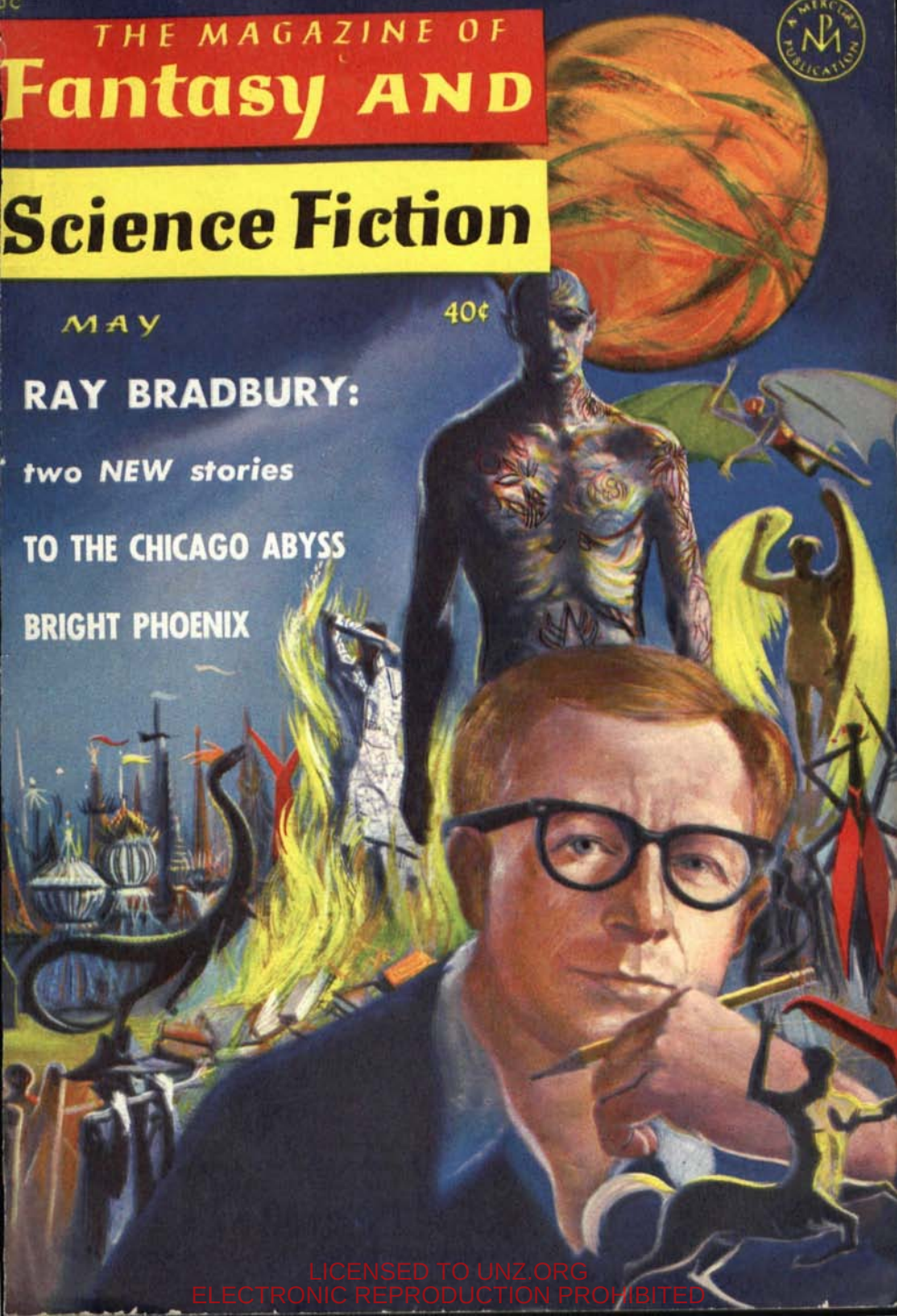

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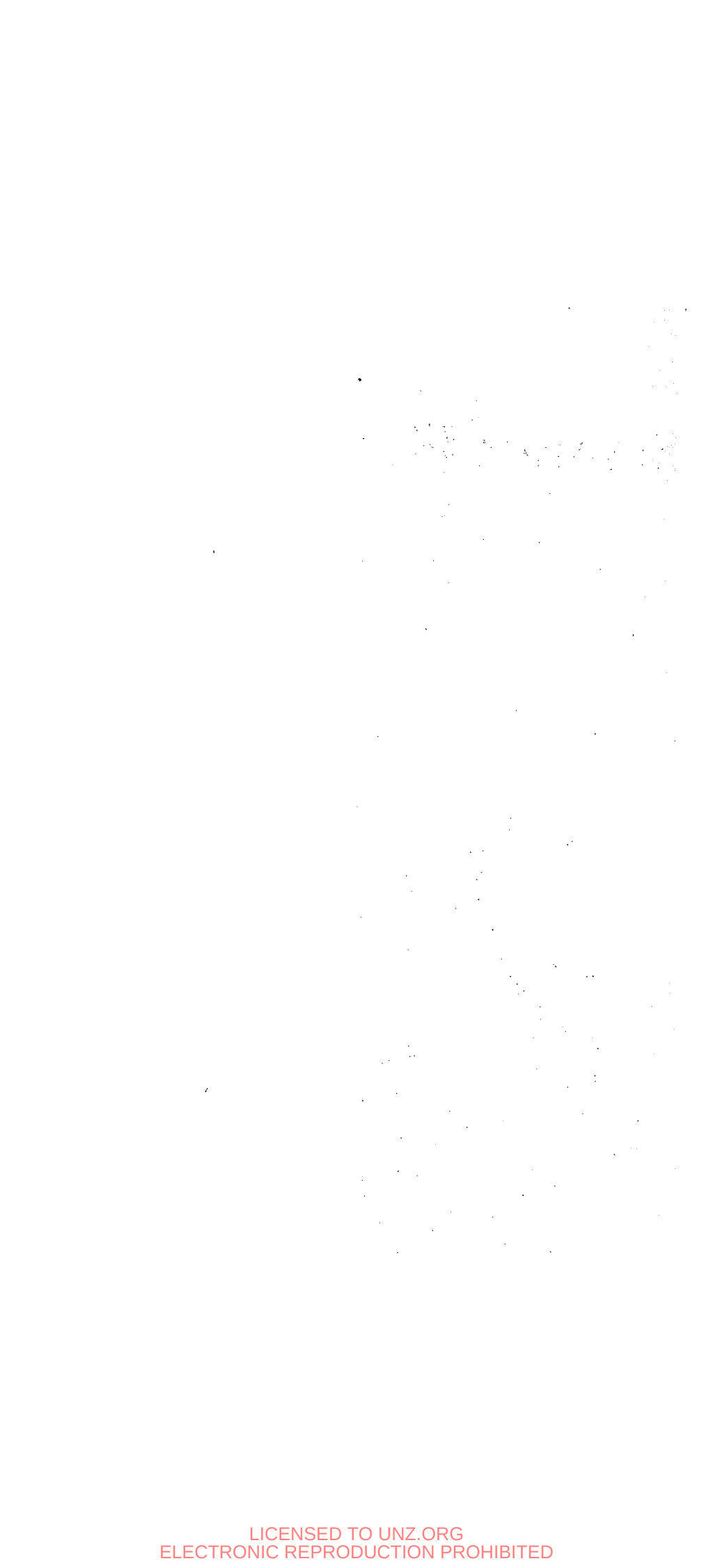

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Fantasy and Science Fiction

MAY

Including Venture Science Fiction

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Cover by Joe Mugnaini (*see page 4*)

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In this issue . . .

. . . are two never-before-published stories by **RAY BRADBURY**, one of them especially written for this Special Issue, plus definitive profile and index by Bradbury authority **WILLIAM F. NOLAN.** Old favorite **R. BRETNOR** is back, as is new favorite **DON WHITE**—both with funny pieces. Fine poets **KAREN ANDERSON** and **DORIS PITKIN BUCK** are here with fine prose and poetry, and **JOHN JAKES** returns after long absence with a tale of interplanetary public relations. From England, **J. G. BALLARD** reports in with a tale of an illusion which was all too real; newcomer **JACK LEAHY** makes his first show with a blend of Fantasy and Science Fiction which will both charm and jolt you, and Dr. **FELIX MARTI-IBANEZ** takes us on an enchanted trip to far Peru.

Coming next month . . .

. . . is **POUL ANDERSON**'s full-length short novel, NO TRUCE WITH KINGS, full of rocketing action which will sweep you along with it. We have a zestful short by **VANCE AANDAHL**, and—have you ever heard of **CON PEDERSON**? He has been "missing" for six years. Maybe publication of his story will "find" him.

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A master of science fiction—winner of the Hugo Award—is at his best in this thrilling and hilarious new novel. It's all about a danger-crammed space journey from Mars to Venus in an age when each planet boasts a Macy's and a Hilton!

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by Robert A. Heinlein

$3.50 at all bookstores

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

ABOUT THE COVER

Dominating the cover is The Illustrated Man from the book of the same title. Next is the planet Mars hanging full in the sky to symbolize The Martian Chronicles. Also in the sky is a man with green wings who is Uncle Einer from Bradbury's story of the same name. Under him is the legendary figure of Icarus (see page 22). To the left of the Illustrated Man we see the paper-costumed figure of the burning man in Fahrenheit 451. In the lower left corner we find the central most evil character in Bradbury's story "Skeleton," M. Munigant, playing on a thighbone fife. In the far background lies a Martian city, and in the right foreground a centaur representing a Picasso sand-drawing in Bradbury's Medicine For Melancholy tale "A Season of Calm Weather."

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INTRODUCTION

We do not remember the time of year, let alone the year itself, but it was about that period when we bought a sack of Bull Durham for five cents and a clay "T.D." pipe for three cents and climbed into a friend's attic to have our first smoke. Another friend showed us a copy of WEIRD TALES and said, "This story—this one here—have you read it?" We denied having done so, we demurred when he pressed it on us; we thought we were above WEIRD TALES and its jejune and listless recapitulation of vampires and werewolves and women who glowed in the dark. "You have to read it," he insisted—and so, we did. The story dazzled, it was a diamond on a dust-heap, it was prose that danced and soared and sang, it was by no one we had ever heard of before—someone named Ray Bradbury—someone whose magic hand gave life and light to pages long fallen on weary days . . . A decade passed before we heard his name again and we zealously pressed our informant with questions. "He lives in Venice, [California]" we were told. "Looks like a football player. Won't drive an automobile—says they kill people, ha ha ha." We met him, he spoke of the marvelous opportunity Science Fiction afforded to critics of the social scene, he spoke—with what was more like wonder than indignation—of the habit of the Beverly Hills police of regarding all nocturnal strollers as putative criminal lunatics—comments which even then were growing into his story, *The Pedestrian*: which many have been naive enough to consider merely fiction. Soon after that we departed on some semi-private iliad half-way around the world, did not meet Ray Bradbury again for another decade. (The Bradbury family, which left Venice long before it became part of the Seacoast of Bohemia, includes four enchanting daughters and his gracious and accomplished wife, Maggie, who is studying to become a medical laboratory technician.) Long before then, though, all the world had heard of him. Arguments as to whether his stories are Science Fiction, Fantasy, or Science Fantasy, belong—we hold—to the realm of taxonomy, and little interest us. The difficulty of "classifying" him, the very richness of his talents, perhaps even a measure of envy at the extent of his unparalleled success, have tended

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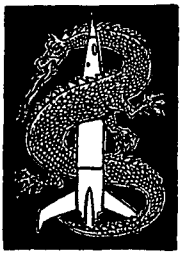
to obscure to some the great and genuine contribution which Ray Bradbury has made to our field and to our time. To the world at large—or that portion of it which does not move its lips when it reads—Science Fiction means Ray Bradbury. It is our opinion that he has proven worthy of his responsibility, and we are honored and pleased by the opportunity to present to you this Special Ray Bradbury Issue. Assisting him and us in its preparation are William F. Nolan, worthy Boswell and bibliographer, and Joseph Mugnaini, the talented and distinctive artist who has graced many of Mr. Bradbury's books with his covers.

— Avram Davidson



"I am excited and pleased about all this. Thank God I can still be excited and happy about such events. When my blood slows and my heart refuses to jump with elation at nice occasions, I shall stop writing forever."—RDB

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William F. Nolan, who last appeared here as the author of ONE OF THOSE DAYS (May 1962), is a prolific professional whose writings include screenplays and hardcover books as well as short stories. He is perhaps most widely known as a chronicler of the automobile and those who drive it, but he is also acknowledged to be the world's "Number One Bradbury Fan," and this despite Ray Bradbury's known antipathy towards the horseless carriage. This is probably the longest article on Ray Bradbury ever to have appeared; certainly, it is the most comprehensive.

BRADBURY: Prose Poet In The Age Of Space

by William F. Nolan

I'VE KNOWN RAY BRADBURY FOR over a dozen years. When I met him, in June of 1950, a month after *The Martian Chronicles* had been published, he was living modestly in Venice, California, and his first daughter, Susan, was less than eight months old. Now Susan is a young lady of thirteen, with three sisters, and Ray is one of the most famous and popular contemporary writers in America, having gained an international reputation with the *Chronicles* (which has sold more than a million copies) and the many books which followed. He currently owns a warmly-furnished, rambling upstairs-downstairs house in Cheviot Hills, large enough for his family and their two automobiles, one of which is a Thunderbird, prized by his wife Maggie, who drives it with élan. Bradbury still refuses to learn to handle a car, just as he steadfastly refuses to board a jet—and these are perhaps his last "holdouts" against the atomic age in which he lives. In 1955, when the Bradbury clan was beset with mumps, Ray allowed his girls to rent a TV set. Once the Monster was installed the battle was lost; the set

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was soon purchased. For years Ray even fought to keep telephones out of his house, and now periodically changes his phone number to offset a host of unwanted calls which cut into his writing time.

"His has consistently been the voice of the poet raised against the mechanization of mankind," a critic once declared, and this fear of engulfment has often been echoed in his stories. Bradbury has never mistrusted machines, yet he has always mistrusted the men who use them.

"The machines themselves are empty gloves," he has often stated. "And the hand that fills them is always the hand of man. This hand can be good or evil." Bradbury elaborates: "Today we stand on the rim of Space, and man, in his immense tidal motion, is about to flow out toward far new worlds . . . but he must conquer the seed of his own self-destruction. Man is half-idealist, half-destroyer, and the real and terrible fear is that he can still destroy himself before reaching for the stars. I see man's self-destructive half, the blind spider fiddling in the venomous dark, dreaming mushroom-cloud dreams. Death solves all, it whispers, shaking a handful of atoms like a necklace of dark beads . . . We are now in the greatest age in history, and we will soon be capable of leaving our home planet behind us, of going off into space on a tremendous voyage of survival. Nothing must be allowed to stop this voyage, our last great wilderness trek."

These are the words of a space age moralist, and Bradbury has often demonstrated his deep concern for mankind's future in the stories he has written. Aldous Huxley calls him "one of the most visionary men now writing in any field," and an English reviewer added to this image: "He sees man standing like Faustus, god-like power in his grasp, but aware of his own mortal frailty."

In person, Ray is anything but a sombre moralist; he is, in fact, disarmingly cheerful, with a lively sense of humor, often wild, sometimes ribald, an ebullient fast-talking fellow whose enthusiasms tend to overwhelm the meek. At 42, he seems much younger, even with his heavy glasses, and his personality strikes sparks in any room. The warmth he generates is contagious and always welcome. But he is also very sensitive, is easily hurt, and is quick to anger if he feels that he has been unjustly dealt with in a situation.

A prime example of Bradbury the Outraged in action was his suit against the famed TV show, "Playhouse 90." A few seasons back, when this show was at its height, it presented a 90-minute drama, *A Sound of Different Drummers*, dealing with a time in the future when censorship ruled and the

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"Bookmen" were called out to burn the houses of those who defied their society by secreting books. Bradbury exploded when he saw this show, called his lawyer and immediately sued "Playhouse 90" and the network for plagiarism. This show, he declared, was simply a re-written version of his own *Fahrenheit 451*. After a pitched legal battle, Ray eventually achieved victory in the higher courts and received a handsome settlement. "Most of us would never *dream* of trying to sue that outfit," admitted one Hollywood writer, "but Bradbury not only sued, he won! This is like trying to pin down Khrushchev for slander!"

In *New Maps of Hell*, Kingsley Amis calls Bradbury "the Louis Armstrong of science fiction," and explains this by saying: "He is the one practitioner well known by name to those who know nothing whatever about his field." This is certainly true. No other sf writer has reached so vast an audience, and it is doubtful that *any* writer, whatever his field, has been anthologized more than Bradbury. His work has appeared in over 130 anthologies, including the following: *Best American Short Stories* (four times), *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories* (twice), *Best Science Fiction Stories* (five times), *Best From Fantasy and Science Fiction* (twice), *Best Short-Short Stories* (three times), *Year's Best SF* (twice), *Saturday Evening Post Stories* (seven times), *Best One-Act Plays, Best Detective Stories, Best Humor, Esquire Treasury, Harper's Reader, Prize Articles, Great Stories About Show Business, The Silver Treasury of Light Verse, Best From Mademoiselle, Golden Treasury of Children's Literature, Treasury of Ribaldry, Britannica Library of Great American Writing.*

It is Bradbury's greatest pride that his fiction is now being selected regularly for high school and college texts such as *New Horizons Through Reading and Literature* and *Modern English Readings*. To date, some 15 textbooks have reprinted his stories, and on the contents page his name stands next to Poe and Thurber and Hemingway and Steinbeck and Saroyan.

Listed in *Who's Who in America* and in *Twentieth Century Authors*, Ray has soared far beyond the field which nurtured him, and it is no longer correct to attach the label "science fiction" to his work. Of his 237 published stories, only 100 could legitimately be counted in the sf category; another 43 are pure fantasy and the remaining 94 are "straight" stories set in Ireland or Illinois or Mexico. Of course, these include his crime yarns as well as several offbeat items which all but defy classification.

Bradbury has never claimed to be a science fiction writer in the

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strict sense of the term, and agrees with Isaac Asimov who stated: "In my opinion, Ray does not write science fiction; he is a writer of *social* fiction." And, as *Time* magazine put it: "Bradbury's elf of fantasy is obviously only one element in a larger talent that includes passion, irony and wisdom."

In October of 1950, in discussing *The Martian Chronicles*, Bradbury declared: "I've never really called myself a sf writer, *other* people have. In fact, I tried to get Doubleday to take the sf emblem off the book."

However, despite such honest declarations, Ray has always admired and defended the field of science fiction, and feels that it affords a writer the widest possible range in which to deliver serious social commentary. In this respect, Bradbury has utilized the field as a "sounding board," and as a kind of "stage setting" for his parables of the future.

Writing in *The Nation*, regarding science fiction, he stated: "There are few literary fields, it seems to me, that deal so strikingly with themes that vitally concern us all today. There are few more exciting genres, there are none fresher or so full of continually renewed and renewable concepts. It is the field of *ideas*, where you may set up and knock down your own political and religious states. There are no boundaries, no taboos or restrictions to hold back the science fiction writer. He can function as a moralist of the space age, and show us the dangers and the risks, and possibly help us avoid costly mistakes when we reach new worlds . . ."

Bradbury has been bitterly attacked for the improper use of science in some of his books, and one angry reader protested: "The man is a mechanical moron, an engineering imbecile who knows no practical physics, whose chemistry is an abomination and whose ridumentary notions of electronics are badly short-circuited."

Ray's reply to such criticism: "It is all too easy for an emotionalist to go astray in the eyes of the scientific, and surely my work could never serve as a handbook for mathematicians. Somehow, though, I am compensated by allowing myself to believe that while the scientific expert can tell you the exact size, location, pulse, musculature and color of the heart, we emotionalists can find and touch it quicker."

Emotion has always been the key to Bradbury's work. He writes out of the primary emotions: love, joy, hate, fear, anger. "Find out what excites and delights you, or what angers you most, then get it down on paper," he advises the neophyte writer. "After all, it is your individuality that you want to isolate. Work from the subconscious; store up images, impressions, data—then dip into this

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'well of self' for your stories. The characters you choose will be parts of yourself. I am all the people in all my books. They are mirror reflections, three times or a dozen times removed and reversed from myself. So, the trick is: feed the subconscious, fill the well."

Who is the *real* Ray Bradbury? What kind of man has been formed, and from what background, in his 42 years of life?

"I was born on a Sunday afternoon in August," says Ray, "while my father and brother were attending a baseball game on the other side of town."

The town was Waukegan, Illinois; the year was 1920—and Mrs. Bradbury was having her fourth child. Ray's brother, Leonard, four years his senior, would grow up with him. But Leonard's twin brother, Samuel, had died at the age of two. A sister, Elizabeth, had died at one year. So this new baby, Ray Douglas, was the last child Esther Moberg Bradbury would bear and raise.

"My father, Leonard Spaulding Bradbury, was a power lineman for Public Service," says Ray. "He came from a family of newspaper editors and printers. My grandfather and great grandfather formed Bradbury & Sons, and published two northern Illinois newspapers at the turn of the century, so you might say that publishing and writing were in my blood. However, as a boy, I felt a much closer kinship to an ancestor of mine, Mary Bradbury, who was tried as a witch in Salem during the seventeenth century."

Indeed, young Ray's hyper-active imagination was whetted by his Aunt Neva, who read to him from the wonderous books of L. Frank Baum when he was seven as he mentally followed the yellow brick road to the enchanting land of Oz. His mother read Poe to him each evening by candlelight when he was eight, and he was soon old enough to discover Tarzan of the Apes and John Carter of Mars as he delightedly perused his Uncle Bion's collection of Edgar Rice Burroughs.

"I loved Tarzan," says Ray, "and began cutting out the Burroughs comic strips and pasting them in a huge scrapbook. I had already started collecting Buck Rogers comics in 1928, continuing this through '37. I also saved Flash Gordon panels, and Prince Valiant was another favorite. I still have all these beautifully-drawn comic adventures down in the cellar carefully packed away in an old trunk. When I want to recapture that era I just tip back the lid."

Magic entered his life in 1931, when the eleven-year-old boy attended a local stage show which featured Blackstone, the famed magician. Ray was invited on-stage, where he was duly pre-

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sented with a live rabbit from the conjurer's tall silk hat. Overwhelmed with such wizardry, young Bradbury announced to his parents that he would soon become the world's greatest magician.

"Our house became a jumble of dice cabinets and ghost boxes," he recalls. "I sent away to Chicago for my magic kit, put on a paper moustache and made a top hat out of cardboard. Then I'd perform at Oddfellows' Halls and American Legion meetings—and, at home, I talked Dad into assisting me in a mental telepathy routine put on for captive relatives. They accepted quietly rather than have me play the violin, my *other* talent!"

Laboriously, each afternoon for a full year, young Ray wrote down the dialogue from Chandu the Magician's radio program. And when a traveling carnival came to town on Labor Day Bradbury made the acquaintance of "Mr. Electrico," an unfrocked minister who sold the boy a trick vase into which flowers vanished.

"Lon Chaney was my idol," says Ray. "I tried to imitate his genius for disguise, dressing as a bat with black-velvet wings which I cut from my grandmother's opera cape, or making use of jute sacking and uncorded rope in turning myself into a gorilla." Bradbury gleefully recalls hanging in night trees "to scare hell out of my little classmates," while drawings of skeletons and cobwebbed castles filled his school notebooks.

The fear of death has been a recurrent theme in Bradbury's work, and this fear took root in Ray's childhood. He admits: "A good part of my young life was spent anticipating a merciless doom that might descend the day before some personal triumph or happiness was fulfilled." When he was seven, playing at the shore of a summer lake, he had seen his cousin almost drown—(an experience which he later transferred into fictional terms in *The Lake*). And when his brother failed to return until very late one evening from the dark ravine near their home, Ray was sure that Death had claimed him. (This incident was vividly recreated in *The Night.*)

In 1932 the Bradburys moved to Arizona, and the boy fell under the influence of a neighbor's collection of pulp science fiction magazines. Here were *Amazing Stories* and *Wonder Stories* with their lurid covers and incredible prose. Here were giant ants, bug-eyed monsters, scaly Things from another world and daring, raygun-wielding spacemen who calmly rescued terrified maidens from alien clutches.

"Of course I was hooked," admits Ray. "I was creating my own fantasies on brown rolls of butcher paper by then, writing in pencil—until, on my twelfth birthday, I

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was given a toy-dial typewriter. I then switched over to this machine, which typed only capitals, and began writing sequels to the stories I'd read. It was then I determined to become a writer because I couldn't imagine a more wonderful life. In fact, I *still* can't!"

Bradbury's amateur stage appearances in Illinois as a purveyor of magic had revealed an aptitude for acting, and although he'd now given up the idea of becoming a professional magician he was fascinated by radio performers. He began to hang around the local Arizona station, KGAR, in the hope that he would be hired, bragging to school chums that they'd soon be hearing his voice on their radios.

"Eventually KGAR's resistance crumbled," says Ray, "and I was assigned the job of reading the comic section over the air to the kids each Saturday night." The boy put in five months at this job, and attempted to change his voice for each character from Tailspin Tommy to Jiggs and Maggie. ("I even assumed a thick German accent for the Katzenjammer Kids.") After the comic-reading stint had ended Bradbury became sound-effects man and bit player on other programs, frustrated only because he could not write the scripts for each show.

In 1934, when Ray was fourteen, he left his budding radio career and moved with his family to California. Upon discovering that the girl next door owned "an honest-to-god typewriter," Ray began dictating stories to her at a furious rate.

Attending Los Angeles High, Bradbury began to see his budding literary efforts printed in the school paper, *The Blue & White*, and two of his poems were published in student pamphlets. He also wrote several plays in which, as he says, "I made darn sure I got juicy lead roles. These parts were always tailor-made for a five foot, ten inch, slightly fat, bespectacled youth!"

Under Jennet Johnson, he took a class in creative writing, and began to read the work of Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe, both of whom were to prove strong influences on his style. By skipping lunch twice a week for several months he managed to save enough to buy his first genuine typewriter, and began shooting off stories to *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Harper's*. ("They shot them right back, which seemed insane to me. How, I wondered, could they possibly turn down the work of a mature seventeen-year-old author?")

In September of 1937, Bradbury attended his first meeting of the Los Angeles Science Fiction League, and this proved to be a decisive step toward his professional writing career. Here were

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other young men and women infected with the same fantasy virus; here was understanding and instant social acceptance. T. Bruce Yerke, who had invited Ray to the club, described him as "a wild-haired, enthusiastic individual who endeared himself to all of us, though he was often the recipient of assaults with trays and hammers by infuriated victims of his endless pranks."

Forrest J. Ackerman, who was one of the club's pioneer members, characterizes the teen-age Bradbury as "well-nigh impossible . . . a noisy kid with a broad sense of humor, who did endless imitations of Adolf Hitler, W. C. Fields and FDR . . . The callouses on the knees of us oldtimers in the club come from kneeling every night and saying 'Thank God we didn't drown him!' "

It was Ackerman who encouraged Ray to submit a short sf story, *Hollerbochen's Dilemma,* for the club's mimeo-magazine, *Imagination*. This appeared in the January, 1938, issue and offered no hint whatever of Bradbury's original talent. Nor did the majority of the other short pieces which Ray feverishly penned for a handful of local fanzines (those earnestly-edited amateur publications which a columnist for the *New Republic* astutely termed "a peculiar blend of *Screen Romances* and *Partisan Review*").

"During this period I began haunting the doorsteps of the local professionals, many of whom belonged to the club," says Ray. "I was desperate to learn the secrets of the pros, and would pop up with a new story nearly every week which I passed around for criticism and advice from Hank Kuttner to Leigh Brackett to Ed Hamilton to Bob Heinlein to Ross Rocklynne to Jack Williamson to Henry Hasse, all of whom were incredibly kind and patient with me and with these dreadful early efforts. In fact, the above-named authors grew lean and rangy from countless flights through the rear exits of walk-up apartments when Bradbury would suddenly appear at the front door with a new manuscript in his teeth."

Ray graduated from L.A. High in '38, and immediately took a job hawking newspapers from the corner of Olympic and Norton, which netted him a bare $10 a week. Out of this meagre sum, and what he could winnow out of his parents, he rented an empty room in a local office building, installed a table and chair, and carted in his typewriter.

"I spent the hours between the morning and evening editions pounding away at that machine," he says. "I also kept my hand in acting, having joined Loraine Day's Little Theatre group. But the writing took up most of my time; I just filled the pages—with descriptions, images, bits of narra-

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tive, character sketches, impressions, dialogue and stories. I was getting rid of a lot of dead weight, learning as I went, trying to clear the deck for professional work."

By the summer of '39, as an outlet for some of this material, Bradbury launched his own fanzine, *Futuria Fantasia.* Here, under his own name and four pseudonyms (Guy Amory, Ron Reynolds, Anthony Corvais and Doug Rogers), he filled the pages with articles, poetry, satires and half a dozen short stories. Heinlein, Kuttner, Rocklynne, Hannes Bok, Ackerman, Yerke, Hasse, and Damon Knight also contributed brief items to "FuFa," but despite editor Bradbury's plea for financial aid to continue the publication ("Contributions will be happily fondled and sewed up in a green velvet sack.") FuFa died after 4 issues.

Emerging from the protective womb of sf fandom, Bradbury achieved definite, if somewhat shaky, professional status in November of 1940 with *It's Not the Heat, It's the Hu—,* a satirical slap at cliches which appeared in *Script,* a West Coast slick which also gave other talented but unknown writers (among them William Saroyan) their first break. The fact that the magazine was unable to pay for material at that point in its uncertain existence in no way diminished Bradbury's immense joy at seeing his name at last set in professional type.

"However," says Ray, "when several more months passed with no checks in the mail I began to doubt my ability to actually crack a paying market. By June of 1941 I had told myself that if I hadn't made a sale by my twenty-first birthday I'd quit beating my head against the wall."

Just a month before he turned twenty-one, in late July, a check arrived for $27.50 from *Super Science Stories* in payment for a story Ray had plucked from the pages of Fufa and re-written with Henry Hasse. This was *Pendulum,* and it appeared that November under the double byline.

"My end of the check came to $13.75," says Ray, "and it seemed like a million to me! I walked away from the Little Theatre group for good; acting was behind me. By God, I was a *writer!* When 1941 ended I had written 52 stories in 52 weeks, and had made three sales with the help of my agent Julius Schwartz."

In 1942, on the basis of another half-dozen story sales, Ray left his newspaper job to apply himself to full-time production. He'd invaded the pages of *Weird Tales,* and it was here that his unique talent would flourish. With his second story for this magazine, *The Wind,* printed early in '43, he began to examine his own fears and childhood memories in order to fashion emotionally-real fantasies. And by December of

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that year his first quality science fiction story appeared, *King of the Gray Spaces,* a warm, moving account of a boy who left friends and family behind to become a rocket pilot. Ray Bradbury was already making his mark as a highly-original creator within the sf-fantasy field, but his course was still uncertain.

Confused and directionless, Bradbury was simultaneously producing very good and very bad work. The type of non-gimmick, non-scientific sf he wanted to write met stiff resistance among editors. The only editorial encouragement and help he ever received came from the detective pulps. Sf editors advised him to "conform," to write a more standardized formula story if he wished to sell. Bowing to pressure, he produced three painfully-obvious imitations of Leigh Brackett for *Planet,* and plunged into the detective magazines with trite, conventional tales of crime and murder. Only in *Weird Tales* did his work prove to be fresh and original, and he was gaining an early following with stories such as *The Sea Shell, The Lake* and *The Jar.*

Unfit for military service because of eye trouble, Bradbury contributed to the war effort in the forties by writing advertising and radio plays for the Red Cross and the Blood Bank.

"In late 1945 I needed $500 to finance a trip into Mexico," relates Bradbury. "With Grant Beach, who was a good friend as well as an excellent ceramic artist, I planned to make a collection of Mexican masks which would be taken over by the L.A. County Museum. I knew that I would have to make some slick-paper sales, to the higher-paying markets, in order to earn the extra money. Since I had been appearing regularly in the pulps I was afraid that the slick magazine editors would be prejudiced against using my real name. So I bundled off three new stories as 'William Elliott,'—and, on three successive days, I got checks from *Collier's, Mademoiselle* and *Charm*! Which gave me more than enough for our trip. I immediately wrote each editor, telling him my real name, and it turned out none of them had ever heard of Ray Bradbury, and that they'd be delighted to restore my byline. That was my crackthrough; the wall was down. It was a tremendous week!"

That same year saw the publication of Bradbury's powerful treatment of racial conflict, set in the realistic atmosphere of a baseball park, *The Big Black and White Game.* Appearing in *The American Mercury,* the story was selected by Martha Foley for *Best American Short Stories of 1946*—fulfilling a boyhood dream and moving the young author into the exclusive ranks of America's top short storyists.

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The trip into Mexico was both terrifying and rewarding. Bradbury and Beach ended up at Guanajuato, and Ray's initial shock at viewing the underground standing mummies in that city was reflected in a superb novelet, *The Next in Line*, written (along with several other Mexico-based stories) back in California. "This had been my first trip outside the States," says Ray. "The country was strange and lonely, and we kept going in deeper, to the small, alien towns and villages. For a while, it seemed we'd never get back—and I put this fear into the novelet."

Marriage was "the next fearful step" in Bradbury's life, and his courtship of Marguerite Susan McClure, a UCLA graduate, began in a most unusual fashion.

"Maggie worked in a downtown bookstore," relates Bradbury. "Each afternoon she'd watch this fellow come in, carrying a briefcase. He'd nose around, pick up several books, discard them, then leave. When a number of volumes were reported missing Maggie was convinced she'd found the thief: the suspicious-looking guy with the briefcase—which was me! That's how we met. Luckily, the missing books were recovered, and I ended up stealing Maggie."

They were married in September of 1947, just a month before Ray's first book, *Dark Carnival*, was released by Arkham House. On the evening prior to his wedding day, Bradbury stacked up thousands of pages of manuscript, totalling some two million words, and made a giant bonfire of them. ("It was all bad writing, stuff that needed burning, and I've never regretted destroying it.")

A week after his first daughter was born Ray wrote a poetic tale, *Switch on the Night*, in order, he says "to teach her not to fear the dark as I did as a boy." (This story was published as an award-winning children's book in 1955.)

The next major step in Bradbury's rapidly-ascending career had to do with Mars, and a series of delicately-wrought, poetic tales of the Red Planet.

"During the summer of '44, on into the fall, I'd been reading a lot of wonderful fiction by Wolfe, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Jessamyn West, Katherine Anne Porter and Eudora Welty, and the idea came to me: Do a series of stories about Mars, about the people there, and the coming of the Earthmen, and about the loneliness and terror of space. Over the years the stories formed themselves, inspired sometimes by poetry which Mag would read aloud to me on summer evenings—such as *And the Moon Be Still as Bright*—sometimes by essays or long conversations. In 1948 the whole thing took abrupt shape for me, due entirely to a rejection."

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The rejection had come from Farrar-Straus on a "mixed bag" of fiction which Bradbury had submitted through his New York agent. It was sent back with the comment: "Too pulpish."

Since some of the stories *had* appeared in pulp magazines, Ray was sure that the decision reeked of snobbery and, in a fury, he packed his bags for New York. His intention was to "meet a publisher face to face" and settle the issue of quality.

"I ended up at Doubleday," he says, "and although they liked my work, they wanted a more unified kind of book, with a single theme, and right away the Martian tales sprang to mind. Six months later I turned in the final manuscript."

Overnight, with the release of *The Martian Chronicles,* Bradbury became a major literary figure, and renowned critics such as Christopher Isherwood, Clifton Fadiman and Gilbert Highet were hailing his talent.

When the book was published in England, as *The Silver Locusts,* critic Angus Wilson declared: "For those who care about the future of fiction in the English language this book is, I believe, one of the most hopeful signs of the last twenty years . . ."

And the venerable British journal, *Punch,* said of his work: "To take the paraphernalia of 'science fiction'—the rocket ships, the robots and galactic explorations . . . and fashion from them stories as delicate as Farre's songs or Cezanne's watercolors, is a very considerable achievement. It is hard to speak with restraint of these extraordinary tales."

Ray Russell, who was later to buy several of Bradbury's stories for *Playboy,* summed up the impact of the *Chronicles*: "Debate as we will the flaws in Bradbury's work (what Kingsley Amis called, with cutting precision, 'that particular kind of sub-whimsical, would-be poetical badness that goes straight to the corny old heart of the Sunday reviewer'), it is impossible to deny the uniqueness of his position among sf writers: Bradbury alone has achieved 'mainstream eminence' without ever really leaving the genre of his beginnings. Instead of deserting science fiction, he has *elevated* it, along with himself."

In 1952 director John Huston indicated, in a letter to Bradbury, that he hoped to interest a studio in financing a film version of the *Chronicles*—and this was very exciting news to Ray, since Huston was one of his "personal gods," a director with whom he had dreamed of working. As it turned out, this deal never materialized, but Huston did contact Bradbury in the fall of 1953, calmly offering him the chance to do the screenplay on *Moby Dick.*

"I was staggered," says Ray. "As a boy, I had attempted to read the

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book, but had given up. I told Huston I'd give him a yes or no in the morning—and then plunged into Melville, reading all night. By dawn I knew I could do the screenplay, and that September, with Maggie, I headed for Ireland on what was to become a pretty wild adventure."

Bradbury's only real film experience involved an original story he had worked on that year for Universal, *The Meteor,* which the studio called *It Came From Outer Space,* and on which he had done a long treatment used as the basis for the Harry Essex screenplay. *Moby Dick* was a far more complex assignment, and involved transferring the essence of Melville to cinema terms. Naturally apprehensive on such a project, Bradbury was unprepared for Huston's aggressive, wild personality.

"He says he is out to corrupt me," Bradbury air-mailed from Dublin. "Huston looks forward to putting me on a horse, riding me to hounds, jetting me in a speedplane and generally burying me in dope, drinks and dames."

The wild, unpredictable Huston met Ray in Dublin, and invited Bradbury to walk the Irish countryside with him and a fellow-writer, Peter Viertel (there to work on another film).

Vividly recalling that first afternoon with Huston, Ray says: "We were crossing an open field when John spotted a huge black bull nearby, glowering at us. Before we could stop him, he'd whipped off his coat and was waving it like a matador's cape in the brute's face, shouting 'Ho, Toro, Ho-oh!' My God, we were paralyzed. Finally the bull snorted, shook his head and walked away. John was actually disappointed that he hadn't charged!"

Huston has always been a notorious practical joker—and his jokes range from innocuous to violently merciless. He once turned a fancy dinner party in London into a furniture-wrecking free-for-all, hypnotized a Hollywood bigwig he disliked into flapping his arms and crowing like a rooster, and dumped a drunken member of his cast on the deserted deck of a ship at sea. Bradbury, of course, was fair game during the filming of *Moby.*

"We were more than halfway through the final version of the script," Bradbury relates, "when John brought in a telegram he said was from the head office at Warners. It read: 'FIND WE CANNOT PROCEED WITH FILM UNLESS SEXY FEMALE ROLE WRITTEN IN AT ONCE.' I crumpled the thing up and actually stamped on it. John couldn't keep a straight face. I saw him on the couch, doubled up and laughing like a big monkey."

Bradbury, however, managed to turn the tables neatly on a later

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occasion. "John had invited a group of 100% Lords and Ladies out to his Irish estate for dinner. He kept needling me to stay for the evening and I kept telling him I had nothing formal to wear. Well, he just kept needling me in front of Pete Viertel. Finally, when John had stepped out of the room, Pete hustled me upstairs. 'Let's show the bastard!' he chuckled, and dug up an old plaid skirt, some black leggings, a fringed purse, and a dinner jacket. 'Don't you see?' he asked, 'Kilts!' When the ultra-distinguished guests had arrived and John was in their midst playing the casual host, I came down the stairs. From the doorway, in a ringing voice, Pete announced me as 'Laird McBradbury.' All the Lords and Ladies turned in my direction. I saw John's jaw drop three feet! A lovely moment."

Then there was the afternoon at Huston's Irish manor when a telegram arrived to inform Bradbury that his first novel, *Fahrenheit 451,* a bitterly-satirical story of the book-burning future, had been awarded a grant of $1,000 from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. ("John slapped me on the shoulder and yelled 'It's found money, kid! And I've got just the place for it. Put every cent down on the nose of a good horse and you can double your roll!' I was wise enough *not* to follow his advice.")

Ray spent six months in Ireland working on the screenplay, writing and re-writing some 1500 pages to arrive at a final 134. *Moby Dick,* with minor script revisions by Huston, was released in 1956, and although this saga of the Great White Whale was not the critical success Ray had hoped for, (due, in large part, to Gregory Peck's weak, inept performance as Captain Ahab) the $5,000,000 film enhanced Bradbury's reputation, paving the way for other script work.

"I was called into one of the big studios to re-work a fantasy script," says Ray, "and the producer asked me how I liked it after I'd read the last page. 'Fine,' I said, 'I *ought* to like it, because it's *mine.*' The guy had stolen one of my short stories, given the idea to another writer, then called me in to do the final version, failing to realize that *I* was the author of the original story he'd stolen! He ended up paying for the rights, and I got the hell out of there. This anecdote, it seems to me, is typical of Hollywood."

Bradbury's experience with Huston had supplied material for a basket of Irish stories and plays, in addition to providing him with the chance to see some of the world's great cities: Venice, Rome, Florence, Milan and Paris. In the summer of 1957 London was added to this list when Sir Carol Reed, the noted British director,

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sent for Bradbury in order to have him adapt his *And the Rock Cried Out* into a full-length screenplay.

"This has yet to be filmed," says Ray, "but eventually it may be done since Reed loved the script. He ran into problems getting the financial go-ahead. I had the same kind of bad luck with the *Chronicles* at MGM in 1961 when I worked for several months on a 158-page screenplay based on the book. Now, in '63, this may be activated. Jean-Louis Barrault plans a stage version of the *Chronicles* in Paris—and the French 'new wave' director, Francois Truffaut, is presently in the midst of bringing *Fahrenheit 451* to the screen in '63. We'll have to see what develops out of all this."

Bradbury always has several literary irons in the fire, and even the projects which fail to materialize often pay him handsome dividends. (He got $10,000 from the Shirley Temple TV show for an adaptation of *The Rocket,* and another $10,000 option money on *The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit* as a projected film. Neither story was produced.)

In addition to his books, poems (he has a file drawer of these which he is polishing for eventual release), short stories, TV and film scripts, plays and articles Bradbury "keeps in mental trim" by lecturing at least twice a month. He has spoken to PTA groups, luncheon clubs, college classes and Writers' Conferences coast-to-coast. In his "spare time" he paints in oil, and serves on Guild committees. ("If there were three of me I could keep *all* of us busy!")

As early as 1951 Ray was making 100 reprint sales each year, and his total is now in the thousands, with his work appearing in over a dozen languages in many foreign publications such as *Perspektev, Europa, Crespi, Temps Modernes, Nuovi, Vitalino,* and *Hjemmet.* (One of his stories, *Mars is Heaven,* has seen over 25 reprintings around the world.)

Bradbury is a strong defender of Los Angeles, and nothing annoys him more than a New Yorker who speaks darkly of the "perils" of living near Hollywood. ("I can attest that a New York writer, afraid for his virginity, can live in Los Angeles and rarely, if ever, go to a wild cocktail party, be thrown into a swimming pool with a blonde starlet wearing nothing but her Fruit-of-the-Loom undies, or be compromised by a Salton Sea real estate promoter.")

Ray hopes to finish his latest novel *Leviathan '99,* which he calls "*Moby Dick* in the future," by the end of '63, and a new collection of his short stories will also be issued about that time. He has another 100,000 words of Illinois material which will eventually form another book, and more of his plays may later be collected between hard covers.

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Bradbury is indeed a prose poet in the age of space, a man possessed by the beauty of the written word; his work reflects a passion for the shape and sound and precise rhythms of the language—and he has been able to translate this passion into imaginative literature of a very high order. Having averaged one new story or article in print each month over the past 23 years, he expects to do at least that well over the *next* two decades.

"Success is a continuing process," he says. "Failure is a stoppage. The man who keeps moving and working does not fail."

Ray Douglas Bradbury is still moving—and succeeding.

BRADBURY FILM WINS ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATION

ICARUS MONTGOLFIER WRIGHT, an 18 minute semi-animated film based on Ray Bradbury's FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION short story (May 1956) was awarded an Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Nomination as one of five outstanding cartoon shorts produced in 1962. The film, released by Format Films, with a screenplay by Bradbury and George Clayton Johnson, was two years in the making. It consists of 200 tempera paintings by Joe Mugnaini, who did the cover illustration for this issue. Mugnaini drew 1,000 preliminary sketches before starting to work on the final paintings which appear in the film with a narration read by James Whitmore and Ross Martin. The film has already had two screenings at the White House, and will be entered in several upcoming foreign film festivals. It has been hailed by writers in the various aerospace industries as the "first real aesthetic film response to the Space Age."

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Ray Bradbury calls this story, the first of the tandem, "a curiosity. I wrote it [he says] back in 1947-48 and it remained in my files over the years, going out only a few times to quality markets like Harper's Bazaar *or* The Atlantic Monthly, *where it was dismissed. It lay in my files and collected about it many ideas. These ideas grew large and became. . . . FAHRENHEIT 451." Mr. Bradbury is modest; more than a curiosity, it is, indeed, "a new, unpublished story, freshened with a revision" especially for this Special Issue. Perhaps the idea also requires freshening, that books have a life beyond their own pages, that they become part and portion of everyone who reads them, and thus can never really be destroyed. The words we commonly say, the thoughts we commonly think—how much, how many of them, have had their origin in books which we take for granted? The author concludes: "Some of your readers, I hope, will interested in this [story] because it was the starting point for one of my longer, and popular, works. I also hope they enjoy it as a single pure experience, to itself."*

BRIGHT PHOENIX

by Ray Bradbury

ONE DAY IN APRIL, 2022, THE great library door slammed flat shut. Thunder.

Hello, I thought.

At the bottom step glowering up at my desk, in a United Legion uniform which no longer hung as neatly upon him as it had twenty years before, stood Jonathan Barnes.

Seeing his bravado momentarily in pause, I recalled ten thousand Veterans speeches sprayed from his mouth, the endless wind-whipped flag parades he had hustled, panted through, the grease-

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cold chicken and green-pea patriot banquets he had practically cooked himself; the civic drives stillborn in his hat.

Now Jonathan Barnes stomped up the creaking main library steps, giving each the full downthrust of his power, weight and new authority. His echoes, rushed back from the vast ceilings, must have shocked even him into better manners, for when he reached my desk, I felt his warmly liquored breath stir mere whispers on my face.

"I'm here for the books, Tom."

I turned casually to check some index cards. "When they're ready, we'll call you."

"Hold on," he said. "Wait—"

"You're here to pick up the Veterans Salvage books for hospital distribution?"

"No, no," he cried. "I'm here for *all* the books."

I gazed at him.

"Well," he said, "*most* of them."

"Most?" I blinked once, then bent to riffle the files. "Only ten volumes to a person at a time. Let's see. Here! Why, you let your card expire when you were twenty years old, thirty years ago. See?" I held it up.

Barnes put both hands on the desk and leaned his great bulk upon them. "I see you are interfering." His face began to color, his breath to husk and rattle. "*I* don't need a card for *my* work!"

So loud was his whisper that a myriad of white pages stopped butterflying under far green lamps in the big stone rooms. Faintly, a few books thudded shut.

Reading people lifted their serene faces. Their eyes, made antelope by the time and weather of this place, pleaded for silence to return, as it always must when a tiger has come and gone from a special fresh-water spring, as this surely was. Looking at these upturned, gentle faces I thought of my forty years of living, working, even sleeping here among hidden lives and vellumed, silent, and imaginary people. Now, as always, I considered my library as a cool cavern or fresh, ever-growing forest into which men passed from the heat of the day and the fever of motion to refresh their limbs and bathe their minds an hour in the grass-shade illumination, in the sound of small breezes wandered out from the turning and turning of the pale soft book pages. Then, better focussed, their ideas rehung upon their frames, their flesh made easy on their bones, men might walk forth into the blast-furnace of reality, noon, mob-traffic, improbable senescence, inescapable death. I had seen thousands careen into my library starved and leave well-fed. I had watched lost people find themselves. I had known realists to dream and dreamers to come awake in this marble sanctuary where silence was a marker in each book.

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"Yes," I said at last. "But it will only take a moment to re-register you. Fill out this new card. Give two reliable references—"

"I don't *need* references," said Jonathan Barnes, "to burn books!"

"Contrarily," said I. "You'll need even more, to do that."

"My men are my references. They're waiting outside for the books. They're dangerous."

"Men like that always are."

"No, no, I mean the books, idiot. The *books* are dangerous. Good God, no two agree. All the damn double-talk. All the lousy babel and slaver and spit. So, we're out to simplify, clarify, hew to the line. We need—"

"To talk this over," said I, taking up a copy of Demosthenes, tucking it under my arm. "It's time for my dinner. Join me, please—"

I was half way to the door when Barnes, wide-eyed, suddenly remembered the silver whistle hung from his blouse, jammed it to his wet lips, and gave it a piercing blast.

The library doors burst wide. A flood of black charcoal-burnt uniformed men collided boisterously upstairs.

I called, softly.

They stopped, surprised.

"Quietly," I said.

Barnes seized my arm. "Are you opposing due process?"

"No," I said. "I won't even ask to see your property invasion permit. I wish only silence as you work."

The readers at the tables had leapt up at the storm of feet. I patted the air. They sat back down and did not glance up again at these men crammed into their tight dark char-smeared suits who stared at my mouth now as if they disbelieved my cautions. Barnes nodded. The men moved softly, on tip-toe, through the big library rooms. With extra care, with proper stealth, they raised the windows. Soundlessly, whispering, they collected books from the shelves to toss down toward the evening yard below. Now and again they scowled at the readers who calmly went on leafing through their books, but made no move to seize these volumes, and continued emptying the shelves.

"Good," said I.

"Good?" asked Barnes.

"Your men can work without you. Take five."

And I was out in the twilight so quickly he could only follow, bursting with unvoiced questions. We crossed the green lawn where a huge portable Hell was drawn up hungrily, a fat black tar-daubed oven from which shot red-orange and gaseous blue flames into which men were shoveling the wild birds, the literary doves which soared crazily down to flop broken-winged, the precious flights poured from every window to thump the earth, to be kerosene-soaked and

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chucked in the gulping furnace. As we passed this destructive if colorful industry, Barnes mused.

"Funny. Should be crowds, a thing like this. But . . . no crowd. How do you figure?"

I left him. He had to run to catch up.

In the small cafe across the street we took a table and Barnes, irritable for no reason he could say, called out, "Service! I've got to get back to work!"

Walter, the proprietor, strolled over, with some dog-eared menus.

Walter looked at me. I winked.

Walter looked at Jonathan Barnes.

Walter said: " 'Come with me and be my love, and we will all the pleasures prove.' "

"What?" Jonathan Barnes blinked.

"Call me Ishmael," said Walter.

"Ishmael," I said. "We'll have coffee to start."

Walter came back with the coffee.

" 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright," he said. "In the forests of the night.' "

Barnes stared after the man who walked away, casually. "What's eating him? Is he nuts?"

"No," I said. "But go on with what you were saying back at the library. Explain."

"Explain?" said Barnes. "My God, you're all sweet reason. Allright, I will explain. This is a tremendous experiment. A test town. If the burning works here, it'll work anywhere. We don't burn everything, no, no. You noticed, my men cleaned only certain shelves and categories? We'll eviscerate about 49 point 2 percent. Then we'll report our success to the overall government committee—"

"Excellent," I said.

Barnes eyed me. "How can you be so cheerful?"

"Any library's problem," I said, "is where to put the books. You've helped me solve it."

"I thought you'd be . . . afraid."

"I've been around Trash Men all my life."

"I beg pardon?"

"Burning is burning. Whoever does it is a Trash Man."

"Chief Censor, Green Town Illinois, damn it!"

A new man, a waiter, came with the coffee pot steaming.

"Hello, Keats," I said.

" 'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness' " said the waiter.

"Keats?" said the Chief Censor. "His name isn't Keats."

"Silly of me," I said. "This is a Greek restaurant. Right, Plato?"

The waiter refilled my cup. " 'The people have always some champion whom they set over them and nurse into greatness . . . This and no other is the root from which a tyrant springs; when he first appears he is a protector.' "

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Barnes leaned forward to squint at the waiter, who did not move. Then Barnes busied himself blowing on his coffee, "As I see it, our plan is simple as one and one make two . . ."

The waiter said, " 'I have hardly ever known a mathematician who was capable of reasoning.' "

"Damn it!" Barnes slammed his cup down. "Peace! Get away while we eat, you, Keats, Plato, Holdridge, *that's* your name. I remember now, *Holdridge!* What's all this *other* junk?"

"Just fancy," said I. "Conceit."

"Damn fancy, and to hell with conceit, you can eat alone, I'm getting out of this madhouse." And Barnes gulped his coffee as the waiter and proprietor watched and I watched him gulping and across the street the bright bonfire in the gut of the monster device burnt fiercely. Our silent watching caused Barnes to freeze at last with the cup in his hand and the coffee dripping off his chin. "Why? Why aren't you yelling? Why aren't you fighting me?"

"But I am fighting." I said, taking the book from under my arm. I tore a page from DEMOSTHENES, let Barnes see the name, rolled it into a fine Havana cigar shape, lit it, puffed it, and said, " 'Though a man escape every other danger, he can never wholly escape those who do not want such a person as he is to exist.' "

Barnes was on his feet, yelling, the 'cigar' was torn from my mouth, stomped on, and the Chief Censor was out the door, almost in one motion.

I could only follow.

On the sidewalk, Barnes collided with an old man who was entering the cafe. The old man almost fell. I grabbed his arm.

"Professor Einstein," I said.

"Mr. Shakespeare," he said.

Barnes fled.

I found him on the lawn by the old and beautiful library where the dark men, who wafted kerosene perfume from their every motion, still dumped vast harvestings of gun-shot dead pigeon, dying pheasant books, all autumn gold and silver from the high windows. But . . . softly. And while this still, almost serene, pantomime continued, Barnes stood screaming silently, the scream clenched in his teeth, tongue, lips, cheeks, gagged back so none could hear. But the scream flew out of his wild eyes in flashes and was held for discharge in his knotted fists, and shuttled in colors about his face, now pale, now red as he glared at me, at the cafe, at the damned proprietor, at the terrible waiter who now waved amiably back at him. The Baal incinerator rumbled its appetite, spark-burnt the lawn. Barnes stared full at the blind yellow-red sun in its raving stomach.

"You . . ." I called up easily

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at the men who paused. "City Ordinance. Closing time is nine sharp. Please be done by then. Wouldn't want to break the law—Good evening, Mr. Lincoln."

"Four score," said a man, passing, "and seven years—"

"Lincoln?" The Chief Censor turned slowly. "That's Bowman. Charlie Bowman. I know you, Charlie, come back here, Charlie, Chuck!"

But the man was gone and cars drove by and now and again as the burning progressed men called to me and I called back and whether it was "Mr. Poe!" or hello to some small bleak stranger with a name like Freud, each time I called in good humor and they replied, Mr. Barnes twitched as if another arrow had pierced, sunk deep in his quivering bulk and he were dying slowly of a hidden seepage of fire and raging life. And still no crowd gathered to watch the commotion.

Suddenly, for no discernible reason, Mr. Barnes shut his eyes, opened his mouth wide, gathered air and shouted, "Stop!"

The men ceased shoveling the books out the window, above.

"But," I said. "It's not closing time . . ."

"Closing time! Everybody out!" Deep holes had eaten away the center of Jonathan Barnes eyes. Within, there was no bottom. He seized the air. He pushed down. Obediently, all the windows crashed like guillotines, chiming their panes.

The dark men, bewildered, came out and down the steps.

"Chief Censor." I handed him a key which he would not take, so I forced his fist shut on it. "Come back tomorrow, observe silence, finish up."

The Chief Censor let his bullet-hole gaze, his emptiness, search without finding me.

"How . . . how long has this gone on. . . ?"

"This?"

"This . . . and . . . that . . . and *them*."

He tried but could not nod at the cafe, the passing cars, the quiet readers descending from the warm library now, nodding as they passed into cold dark, friends, one and all. His blind man's rictal gaze ate holes where my face was. His tongue, anesthetized, stirred:

"Do you think you can all fool me, me, *me?*"

I did not answer.

"How can you be sure," he said, "I won't burn people, as well as books?"

I did not answer.

I left him standing in the complete night.

Inside, I checked out the last volumes of those leaving the library now with night come on and shadows everywhere and the great Baal machinery churning smoke, its fire dying in the spring grass where the Chief Censor stood like

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a poured cement statue, not seeing his men drive off. His fist suddenly flew high. Something swift and bright flew up to crack the front door glass. Then Barnes turned and walked after the Incinerator as it trundled off, a fat black funeral urn unraveling long tissues and scarves of black bunting smoke and fast-vanishing crepe.

I sat listening.

In the far rooms, filled with soft jungle illumination, there was a lovely autumnal turning of leaves, faint sifts of breathing, infinitesimal quirks, the gesture of a hand, the glint of a ring, the intelligent squirrel blink of an eye. Some nocturnal voyager sailed between the half-empty stacks. In porcelain serenity, the rest-room waters flowed down to a still and distant sea. My people, my friends, one by one, passed from the cool marble, the green glades, out into a night better than we could ever have hoped for.

At nine, I went out to pick up the thrown front door key. I let the last reader, an old man, out with me, and as I was locking up, he took a deep breath of the cool air, looked at the town, the spark-burnt lawn, and said:

"Will they come back again, ever?"

"Let them. We're ready for them aren't we?"

The old man took my hand. " 'The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together.' "

We moved down the steps.

"Good evening, Isaiah," I said.

"Mr. Socrates," he said. "Good night."

And each walked his own way, in the dark.

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History is not just a chronicle of dynasties, battles, economic trends, great men. Culture is more than great books, great poems, paintings, operas, sculpture. History and culture are also ten thousand and one things of the sort which Dr. Johnson termed "the bread and tea of life;" ten thousand and one things usually beneath the notice of the scholar or the pedagogue . . . just as the very vernacular languages once were. If we had been asked the intellectual background of the years of our childhood we might have referred to the sepia photographs of Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier and Emerson, which hung on the classroom walls of our grammar-school; it took Jack Keruoac to remind us that the same background was also, at least equally, perhaps predominantly, shaped by King Kong, Frankenstein, and The Shadow. It is to what we may call the vernacular, as distinct from the classical, element of our civilization that Ray Bradbury turns in this the second of his stories for this issue. The conjunction of the two of them is no accident. Says their author: "BRIGHT PHOENIX deals with a book-burning future, with an intellectual solution to the problem. It is a more grandiose scheme and project. CHICAGO ABYSS deals, instead, with the mediocre, the things not needed but needed, not missed but missed . . . the much more day-to-day, quiet need for junk." It is the scintillating junk (as the old man of the story calls it) which it hurts to do without, hurts to remember—think! Be honest! To a world without either, would you rather call back Rembrandt—or fresh-roasted coffee? Society cracks, crumbles, totters at the precipice. What can save it? The Four Freedoms? Science? Remembrance of books past, suggests the Ray Bradbury of BRIGHT PHOENIX. The Ray Bradbury of the second story suggests it may be . . . something else altogether, and his suggestion here is well worth considering. Follow him, then; follow him now,

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TO THE CHICAGO ABYSS

by Ray Bradbury

UNDER A PALE APRIL SKY IN A faint wind that blew out of a memory of winter, the old man shuffled into the almost empty park at noon. His slow feet were bandaged with nicotine-stained swathes, his hair was wild, long, and grey as was his beard which enclosed a mouth which seemed always atremble with revelation.

Now he gazed back as if he had lost so many things he could not begin to guess there in the tumbled ruin, the toothless skyline of the city. Finding nothing he shuffled on until he found a bench where sat a woman alone. Examining her, he nodded and sat to the far end of the bench and did not look at her again.

He remained, eyes shut, mouth working, for three minutes, head moving as if his nose were printing a single word on the air. Once written, he opened his mouth to pronounce it in a clear, fine voice:

"Coffee."

The woman gasped and stiffened.

The old man's gnarled fingers tumbled in pantomime on his unseen lap.

"Twist the key! Bright red, yellow-letter can! Compressed air. Hisss! Vacuum pack. Ssst! Like a snake!"

The woman snapped her head about as if slapped to stare in dreadful fascination at the old man's moving tongue.

"The scent, the odor, the smell. Rich, dark, wonderous Brazilian beans, fresh ground!"

Leaping up, reeling as if gunshot, the woman tottered.

The old man flicked his eyes wide. "No! I—"

But she was running, gone.

The old man sighed and walked on through the park until he reached a bench where sat a young man completely involved with wrapping dried grass in a small square of thin tissue paper. His thin fingers shaped the grass tenderly, in an almost holy ritual, trembling as he rolled the tube, put it to his mouth, and, hypnotically, lit it. He leant back, squinting deliciously, communing with the strange rank air in his mouth and lungs. The old man watched the smoke blow away on the noon wind and said:

"Chesterfields."

The young man gripped his knees, tight.

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"Raleighs," said the old man. "Lucky Strikes."

The young man stared at him.

"Kent. Kools. Marlboro," said the old man, not looking at him. "Those were the names. White, red, amber packs grass-green, sky-blue, pure gold with the red slick small ribbon that ran around the top that you pulled to zip away the crinkly cellophane, and the blue government tax-stamp—"

"Shut up," said the young man.

"Buy them in drug-stores, fountains, subways—"

"Shut up!"

"Gently," said the old man. "It's just, that smoke of yours made me think—"

"Don't think!" The young man jerked so violently his home-made cigarette fell in chaff to his lap. "Now look what you made me do!"

"I'm sorry. It was such a nice friendly day—"

"I'm no friend!"

"We're all friends now, or why live?"

"Friends?" the young man snorted, aimlessly plucking at the shredded grass and paper. "Maybe there were 'friends' back in 1970, but now—"

"1970. You must have been a baby then. They still had Butterfingers then in bright yellow wrappers. Baby Ruths. Clark Bars in orange paper. Milky Ways . . . swallow a universe of stars, comets, meteors. Nice—"

"It was never nice." The young man stood suddenly. "What's wrong with you?"

"I remember limes, and lemons, that's what's wrong with me. Do you remember oranges?"

"Damn rights. Oranges, hell. You calling me a liar? You want me to feel bad? You nuts? Don't you know the law? You know I could turn you in, you?"

"I know, I know," said the old man, shrugging. "The weather fooled me. It made me want to compare—"

"Compare rumors, that's what they'd say, the Police, the Special Cops, they'd say it, rumors, you trouble-making bastard, you—"

He seized the old man's lapels which ripped so he had to grab another handful, yelling down into his face.

"Why don't I just blast the living Jesus out of you. I ain't hurt no one in so long, I—"

He shoved the old man. Which gave him the idea to pummel and when he pummeled he began to punch and punching made it easy to strike and soon he rained blows upon the old man who stood like one caught in thunder and downpoured storm, using only his fingers to ward off the blows that fleshed his cheeks, shoulders, his brow, his chin, as the young man shrieked cigarettes, moaned candies, yelled smokes, cried sweets until the old man fell to be kick-rolled and shivering. The young

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man stopped and began to cry. At the sound, the old man, cuddled, clenched into his pain, took his fingers away from his broken mouth and opened his eyes to gaze with astonishment at his assailant. The young man wept.

"Please . . ." begged the old man.

The young man wept louder, tears falling from his eyes.

"Don't cry," said the old man. "We won't be hungry forever. We'll rebuild the cities. Listen, I didn't mean for you to cry, only to think where are we going, what are we doing, what've we done? You weren't hitting me. You meant to hit something else, but I was handy. Look, I'm sitting up. I'm okay."

The young man stopped crying and blinked down at the old man who forced a bloody smile.

"You . . . you can't go around," said the young man, "making people unhappy. I'll find someone to fix you!"

"Wait!" The old man struggled to his knees. "No!"

But the young man ran wildly off out of the park, yelling.

Crouched alone, the old man felt his bones, found one of his teeth lying red amongst the strewn gravel, handled it sadly.

"Fool," said a voice.

The old man glanced over and up.

A lean man of some forty years stood leaning against a tree nearby, a look of pale weariness and curiosity on his long face.

"Fool," he said again.

The old man gasped. "You were there, all the time, and did *nothing*?"

"What, fight one fool to save another? No." The stranger helped him up and brushed him off. "I do my fighting where it pays. Come on. You're going home with me."

The old man gasped again. "Why?"

"That boy'll be back with the police any second. I don't want you stolen away, you're a very precious commodity. I've heard of you, looked for you for days now. Good Grief, and when I find you you're up to your famous tricks. What did you say to the boy made him mad?"

"I said about oranges and lemons, candy, cigarettes. I was just getting ready to recollect in detail wind-up toys, briar-pipes and back-scratchers, when he dropped the sky on me."

"I almost don't blame him. Half of me wants to hit you, itself. Come on, double-time. There's a siren, quick!"

And they went swiftly, another way, out of the park.

He drank the home-made wine because it was easiest. The food must wait until his hunger overcame the pain in his broken mouth. He sipped, nodding.

"Good, many thanks, good."

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The stranger who had walked him swiftly out of the park sat across from him at the flimsy dining room table as the stranger's wife placed broken and mended plates on the worn cloth.

"The beating," said the husband, at last. "How did it happen?"

At this, the wife almost dropped a plate.

"Relax," said the husband. "No one followed us. Go ahead, old man, tell us, why do you behave like a saint panting after martyrdom? You're famous, you know. Everyone's heard about you. Many would like to meet you. Myself, first, I want to know what makes you tick. Well?"

But the old man was only entranced with the vegetables on the chipped plate before him. Twenty-six, no, twenty-eight peas! He counted the impossible sum! He bent to the incredible vegetables like a man praying over his quietest beads. Twenty-eight glorious green peas, plus a few graphs of half-raw spaghetti announcing that today business was fair. But under the line of pasta, the cracked line of the plate showed where business for years now was more than terrible. The old man hovered counting above the food like a great and inexplicable buzzard, crazily fallen and roosting in this cold apartment, watched by his samaritan hosts until at last he said:

"These twenty-eight peas remind me, of a film I saw as a child. A comedian—do you know the word?—a funny man met a lunatic in a midnight house in this film and—"

The husband and wife laughed quietly.

"No, that's not the joke yet, sorry," the old man apologized. "The lunatic sat the comedian down to an empty table, no knives, no forks, no food. 'Dinner is served!' he cried. Afraid of murder, the comedian fell in with the make believe. 'Great!' he cried, pretending to chew steak, vegetables, dessert. He bit nothings. 'Fine!' he swallowed air. 'Wonderful!' Eh . . . you may laugh, now."

But the husband and wife, grown still, only looked at their sparsely strewn plates.

The old man shook his head and went on. "The comedian, thinking to impress the mad-man, exclaimed, 'And these spiced brandy peaches! Superb!' 'Peaches?' screamed the madman, drawing a gun. 'I served no peaches! You must be insane!' And shot the comedian in the behind!"

The old man, in the silence which ensued, picked up the first pea and weighed its lovely bulk upon his bent tin fork. He was about to put it in his mouth when —

There was a sharp rap on the door.

"Special police!" a voice cried.

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Silent but trembling, the wife hid the extra plate.

The husband rose calmly to lead the old man to a wall where a panel hissed open and he stepped in and the panel hissed shut and he stood in darkness hidden away as, beyond, unseen, the apartment door opened. Voices murmured excitedly. The old man could imagine the Special Policeman in his midnight blue uniform, with drawn gun, entering to see only the flimsy furniture, the bare walls, the echoing linoleum floor, the glassless, cardboarded-over windows, this thin and oily film of civilization left on an empty shore when the storm tide of war went away.

"I'm looking for an old man," said the tired voice of authority beyond the wall. Strange, thought the old man, even the Law sounds tired now. "Patched clothes—" But, thought the old man, I thought everyone's clothes were patched! "Dirty. About eighty years old . . ." but isn't everyone dirty, everyone old? the old man cried out, to himself. "If you turn him in, there's a weeks rations as reward," said the police voice. "Plus ten cans of vegetables, five cans of soup; bonus."

Real tin cans with bright printed labels, thought the old man. The cans flashed like meteors rushing by in the dark over his eyelids. What a fine reward! Not TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, not TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, no, no, but . . . five incredible cans of real not imitation soup, and ten, count them, ten brilliant circus-colored cans of exotic vegetables like string beans and sun-yellow corn! Think of it! *Think!*

There was a long silence in which the old man almost thought he heard faint murmurs of stomachs turning uneasily, slumbered but dreaming of dinners much finer than the hairballs of old illusion gone nightmare and politics gone sour in the long twilight since A.D., Annihilation Day.

"Soup. Vegetables," said the police voice, a final time. "Fifteen solid-pack cans!"

The door slammed.

The boots stomped away through the ramshackle tenement pounding coffin lid doors to stir other Lazarus souls alive to cry aloud of bright tins and real soups. The poundings faded. There was a last banging slam.

And at last the hidden panel whispered up. The husband and wife did not look at him as he stepped out. He knew why and wanted to touch their elbows.

"Even I," he said gently. "Even *I* was tempted to turn myself in, to claim the reward, to eat the soup . . ."

Still they would not look at him.

"Why," he asked. "Why didn't you hand me over? Why?"

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The husband, as if suddenly remembering, nodded to his wife. She went to the door, hesitated, her husband nodded again, impatiently, and she went out, noiseless as a puff of cobweb. They heard her rustling along the hall, scratching softly at doors, which opened to gasps and murmurs.

'What's she up to? What are *you* up to?" asked the old man.

"You'll find out. Sit. Finish your dinner," said the husband. "Tell me why you're such a fool you make us fools who seek you out and bring you here."

"Why am I such a fool?" The old man sat. The old man munched slowly, taking peas one at a time from the plate which had been returned to him. "Yes, I am a fool. How did I start my foolishness? Years ago I looked at the ruined world, the dictatorships, the desiccated states and nations, and said, "What can I do? Me, a weak old man, what? Rebuild a devastation? Ha! But lying half asleep one night an old phonograph record played in my head. Two sisters named Duncan sang out of my childhood a song called REMEMBERING. 'Remembering, is all I do, dear, so try and remember, too.' I sang the song and it wasn't a song but a way of life. What did I have to offer a world that was forgetting? My memory! How could this help? By offering a standard of comparison. By telling the young *what once was,* by considering our losses. I found the more I remembered, the more I *could* remember! Depending on who I sat down with I remembered imitation flowers, dial telephones, refrigerators, kazoos (you ever *play* a kazoo?!), thimbles, bicycle clips, not bicycles, no, but bicycle *clips!* isn't that wild and strange? Anti-macassars. Do you know them? Never mind. Once a man asked me to remember just the dashboard dials on a Cadillac. I remembered. I told him in detail. He listened. He cried great tears down his face. Happy tears? or sad? I can't say. I only remember. Not literature, no, I never had a head for plays or poems, they slip away, they die. All I am, really, is a trash-heap of the mediocre, the third-best hand-me-down useless and chromed-over slush and junk of a race-track civilization that ran 'last' over a precipice. So all I offer really is scintillant junk, the clamored-after chronometers and absurd machineries of a never-ending river of robots and robot-mad owners. Yet, one way or another, civilization *must* get back on the road. Those who can offer fine butterfly poetry, let them remember, let them offer. Those who can weave and build butterfly *nets,* let them weave, let them build. My gift is smaller than both, and perhaps contemptible in the long hoist, climb, jump toward the old and amiably silly peak. But I *must* dream myself

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worthy. For the things, silly or not, that people remember are the things they will search for again. I will, then, ulcerate their half-dead desires with vinegar-gnat memory. Then perhaps they'll rattle bang the Big Clock together again, which is the city, the state, and then the World. Let one man want wine, another lounge chairs, a third a batwing glider to soar the March winds on and build bigger electro-pterodactyls to scour even greater winds, with even greater peoples. Someone wants moron Christmas trees and some wise man goes to cut them. Pack this all together, wheel in want, want in wheel, and I'm just there to oil them, but oil them I do. Ho, once I would have raved, 'only the best is best, only quality is true!' But roses grow from blood manure. Mediocre must be, so most-excellent can bloom. So I shall be the *best* mediocre there is and fight all who say slide under, sink back, dust-wallow, let brambles scurry over your living grave. I shall protest the roving apeman tribes, the sheep-people munching the far fields prayed on by the feudal land-baron wolves who rarefy themselves in the few skyscraper summits and horde unremembered foods. And these villains I will kill with canopener and corkscrew. I shall run them down with ghosts of Buick, Kissel-Kar, and Moon, thrash them with licorice whips until they cry for some sort of unqualified mercy. Can I *do* all this? One can only try."

The old man rummaged the last pea, with the last words, in his mouth, while his samaritan host simply looked at him with gently amazed eyes, and far off up through the house people moved, doors tapped open and shut, and there was a gathering outside the door of this apartment where now the husband said:

"And *you* asked why we didn't turn you in? Do you hear that out there?"

"It sounds like everyone in the apartment house—"

"Everyone. Old man, old fool, do you remember—motion picture houses, or better, drive-in movies?"

The old man smiled. "Do *you?*"

"Almost. Look, listen, today, now, if you're going to be a fool, if you want to run risks, do it in the aggregate, in one fell blow. Why waste your breath on one, or two, or even three if—"

The husband opened the door and nodded outside. Silently, one at a time, and in couples, the people of the house entered. Entered this room as if entering a synagogue or church or the kind of church known as a movie or the kind of movie known as a drive-in, and the hour was growing late in the day, with the sun going down the sky, and soon in the early evening hours, in the dark, the room would be dim and in the one light

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the voice of the old man would speak and these would listen and hold hands and it would be like the old days with the balconies and the dark, or the cars and the dark, and just the memory, the words, of popcorn, and the words for the gum and the sweet drinks and candy, but the words, anyway, the words . . .

And while the people were coming in and settling on the floor, and the old man watched them, incredulous that he had summoned them here without knowing, the husband said:

"Isn't this better than taking a chance in the open?"

"Yes. Strange. I hate pain. I hate being hit and chased. But my tongue moves. I must hear what it has to say. But this is better."

"Good." The husband pressed a red ticket into his palm. "When this is all over, an hour from now, here is a ticket from a friend of mine in Transportation. One train crosses the country each week. Each week I get a ticket for some idiot I want to help. This week, it's you."

The old man read the destination on the folded red paper: "CHICAGO ABYSS," and added, "Is the Abyss still there?"

"This time next year Lake Michigan may break through the last crust and make a new lake in the pit where the city once was. There's life of sorts around the crater rim, and a branch train goes west once a month. Once you leave here, keep moving, forget you met or know us. I'll give you a small list of people like ourselves. A long time from now, look them up, out in the wilderness. But, for God's sake, in the open, alone, for a year, declare a moratorium. Keep your wonderful mouth shut. And here—" The husband gave him a yellow card. "A dentist I know. Tell him to make you a new set of teeth that will only open at meal times."

A few people, hearing, laughed, and the old man laughed quietly and the people were in now, dozens of them, and the day was late, and the husband and wife shut the door and stood by it and turned and waited for this last special time when the old man might open his mouth.

The old man stood up.

His audience grew very still.

The train came, rusty and loud at midnight, into a suddenly snow-filled station. Under a cruel dusting of white, the ill-washed people crowded into and through the ancient chair cars mashing the old man along the corridor and into an empty compartment that had once been a lavatory. Soon, the floor was a solid mass of bed-roll on which sixteen people twisted and turned in darkness, fighting their way into sleep.

The train rushed forth to white emptiness.

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The old man thinking: "quiet, shut up, no, don't speak, nothing, no, stay still, think! careful! cease!" found himself now swayed, joggled, hurled this way and that as he half-crouched against a wall. He and just one other were upright in this monster room of dreadful sleep. A few feet away, similarly shoved against the wall, sat an eight year old boy with a drawn sick paleness escaping from his cheeks. Full awake, eyes bright, he seemed to watch, he *did* watch, the old man's mouth. The boy gazed because he must. The train hooted, roared, swayed, yelled, and ran.

Half an hour passed in a thunderous grinding passage by night under the snow-hidden moon, and the old man's mouth was tight-nailed shut. Another hour, and still boned shut. Another hour, and the muscles around his cheeks began to slacken. Another, and his lips parted to whet themselves. The boy stayed awake. The boy saw. The boy waited. Immense sifts of silence came down the night air outside, tunneled by avalanche train. The travelers, very deep in invoiced terror, numbed by flight, slept each separate, but the boy did not take his eyes away and at last the old man leaned forward, softly.

"Sh. Boy. Your name?"

"Joseph."

The train swayed and groaned in its sleep, a monster floundering through timeless dark toward a morn that could not be imagined.

"Joseph . . ." The old man savored the word, bent forward, his eyes gentle and shining. His face filled with pale beauty. His eyes widened until they seemed blind. He gazed at a distant and hidden thing. He cleared his throat ever so softly. "Ah . . ."

The train roared round a curve. The people rocked in their snowing sleep.

"Well, Joseph," whispered the old man. He lifted his fingers softly in the air. "Once upon a time . . ."

In our July issue . . .

ROBERT HEINLEIN'S newest novel, GLORY ROAD

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AN INDEX TO THE WORKS OF RAY BRADBURY

Compiled and arranged by
William F. Nolan in the following sections:

Published Books
Original Stories: 1940–1962
Poems
Original Screen Treatment
Original TV Stories
Book Introductions
Non-Fiction: Auto-biographical and Misc.
Selected Material on Ray Bradbury

PUBLISHED BOOKS

1. DARK CARNIVAL—Arkham House, 1947—313 pages (limited to 3000)

The Homecoming
Skeleton
The Jar
The Lake
The Maiden
The Tombstone
The Smiling People
The Emissary
The Traveler
The Small Assassin
The Crowd
Reunion
The Handler
The Coffin
Interim
Jack-In-the-Box
The Scythe
Let's play "Poison"
Uncle Einar
The Wind
The Night
There Was an Old Woman
The Dead Man
The Man Upstairs
The Night Sets
Cistern
The Next in Line

2. THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES—Doubleday, 1950—220 pages
(Note: Titles *in italics* indicate interim bits and bridge passages.)

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Rocket Summer
Ylla
The Summer Night
The Earth Men
The Taxpayer
The Third Expedition
And the Moon Be Still As Bright
The Settlers
The Green Morning
The Locusts
Night Meeting
The Shore
Interim
The Musicians
Way in the Middle of the Air
The Naming of Names
Usher II
The Old Ones
The Martian
The Luggage Store
The Off Season
The Watchers
The Silent Towns
The Long Years
There Will Come Soft Rains
The Million Year Picnic

3. THE ILLUSTRATED MAN—Doubleday, 1951—252 pages

Prologue—*The Illustrated Man*
The Veldt
Kaleidoscope
The Other Foot
The Highway
The Man
The Long Rain
The Rocket Man
The Fire Balloons
The Last Night of the World
The Exiles
No Particular Night or Morning
The Fox and the Forest
The Visitor
The Concrete Mixer
Marionettes Inc.
The City
Zero Hour
The Rocket
Epilogue—(*Ill. Man* completed)

4. TIMELESS STORIES FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW—Bantam, 1952—304 p.

Contains introduction and The Pedestrian by Bradbury—plus 25 other stories by various authors. Edited by Bradbury.

5. THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN—Doubleday, 1953—250 pages

The Fog Horn
The Pedestrian
The April Witch
The Wilderness
The Fruit at the Bottom of the Bowl
Invisible Boy
The Flying Machine
The Murderer
The Golden Kite, the Silver Wind
I See You Never
Embroidery
The Big Black and White Game
A Sound of Thunder
The Great Wide World Over There
Powerhouse
En La Noche
Sun and Shadow
The Meadow
The Garbage Collector
The Great Fire
Hail and Farewell
The Golden Apples of the Sun

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6. FAHRENHEIT 451—Ballantine, 1953—200 pages

Original edition contains title novel plus two stories: The Playground and And the Rock Cried Out. This book was later released with these stories removed, with no title change.

7. THE OCTOBER COUNTRY—Ballantine, 1955—306 pages

Contains 15 stories reprinted from DARK CARNIVAL, most of them re-written, plus four stories: The Dwarf, The Watchful Poker Chip of H. Matisse, Touched With Fire and The Wonderful Death of Dudley Stone.

8. SWITCH ON THE NIGHT—Pantheon, 1955—50 pages

A book for children, illustrated by Madeleine Gekiere.

9. THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO AND OTHER IMPROBABLE STORIES —Bantam, 1956—210 pages

Contains intro by Bradbury—plus title novella and 11 other stories by various authors. Edited by Bradbury.

10. DANDELION WINE—Doubleday, 1957—281 pages

Contains the following short stories, plus new material, re-written to form a "novel."

Illumination
Dandelion Wine
Summer in the Air
The Season of Sitting
The Night
The Lawns of Summer
The Happiness Machine
Season of Disbelief
The Last, the Very Last
The Green Machine
The Trolley
Statues
The Window
The Swan
The Whole Town's Sleeping
Good-by, Grandma
Dinner at Dawn

11. A MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY—Doubleday, 1959—240 pages

In a Season of Calm Weather
The Dragon
A Medicine for Melancholy
The End of the Beginning
The Wonderful Ice-Cream Suit
Fever Dream
The Marriage Mender
The Town Where No One Got Off
A Scent of Sarsaparilla
Icarus Montgolfier Wright
The Headpiece
Dark They Were, and Golden-Eyed
The Smile
The First Night of Lent
The Time of Going Away
All Summer in a Day
The Gift
The Great Collision of Monday Last
The Little Mice
The Shore Line at Sunset
The Strawberry Window
The Day it Rained Forever

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12. THE DAY IT RAINED FOREVER—Rupert Hart-Davis, England, 1959—254 pages

Published overseas, this book contains 18 stories from A MEDICINE FROM MELANCHOLY, plus Referent, Almost the End of the World, Here There Be Tygers, Perchance to Dream—along with And the Rock Cried Out.

13. SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES—Simon and Schuster, 1962—317 pages

A fantasy novel.

14. R IS FOR ROCKET—Doubleday, (Young Adults Series), 1962—233 pages

Contains a selection of 17 Bradbury stories from other books, aimed at the young adult. Its main value lies in the inclusion of a long novelet, Frost and Fire, which is the first book printing of the *Planet* story, The Creatures That Time Forgot. Also, for the first time in a Bradbury collection, is the title story, R is for Rocket (King of the Gray Spaces). Foreword by Bradbury.

15. THE ANTHEM SPRINTERS—Dial Press, 1963—128 pages

Contains five one-act plays (four of them set in Ireland): The First Night of Lent; The Great Collision of Monday Last; Stop, Consider, Think, Do!; The Anthem Sprinters; The Meadow.

ORIGINAL STORIES (including 2 novels)

1940

It's Not the Heat, It's the Hu—, *Script*, Nov. 2

1941

To Make a Long Story Much, Much Shorter, *Script*, July 5
Pendulum (w/Hasse), *Super Science Stories*, Nov.

1942

Eat, Drink and be Wary, *Astounding SF*, July
The Candle, *Weird Tales*, November

1943

The Piper, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Feb.
The Wind, *Weird Tales*, March
Subterfuge, *Astonishing Stories*, April
The Crowd, *Weird Tales*, May
Gabriel's Horn (w/Hasse), *Captain Future*, Spring
The Scythe, *Weird Tales*, July
Doodad, *Astounding SF*, Sept.

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And Watch the Fountains, *Astounding SF*, Sept.
Promotion to Satellite, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Fall
The Ducker, *Weird Tales*, Nov.
King of the Gray Spaces (R is for Rocket), *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, Dec.

1944

The Sea Shell, *Weird Tales*, Jan.
Reunion, *Weird Tales*, March
The Monster Maker, *Planet Stories*, Spring
I, Rocket, *Amazing Stories*, May
The Lake, *Weird Tales*, May
There Was an Old Woman, *Weird Tales*, July
Killer, Come Back to Me, *Detective Tales*, July
The Long Night, *New Detective*, July
Yesterday I Lived, *Detective Fiction*, Aug.
Morgue Ship, *Planet Stories*, Summer
The Trunk Lady, *Detective Tales*, Sept.
Bang! You're Dead, *Weird Tales*, Sept.
Half-Pint Homicide, *Detective Tales*, Nov.
The Jar, *Weird Tales*, Nov.
It Burns Me Up, *Dime Mystery*, Nov.
Undersea Guardians, *Amazing Stories*, Dec.
Four-Way Funeral, *Detective Tales*, Dec.
Lazarus Come Forth, *Planet Stories*, Winter

1945

The Poems, *Weird Tales*, Jan.
I'm Not so Dumb, *Detective Tales*, Feb.
Hell's Half Hour, *New Detective*, March
The Tombstone, *Weird Tales*, March
Skeleton, *Script*, April 28
The Watchers, *Weird Tales*, May
Dead Men Rise up Never, *Dime Mystery*, July
Corpse Carnival (as "D. R. Banet"), *Dime Mystery*, July
The Dead Man, *Weird Tales*, July
The Big Black and White Game, *American Mercury*, Aug.
Skeleton (*not* same as *Script* story), *Weird Tales*, Sept.
The Long Way Home, *Dime Mystery*, Nov.
The Invisible Boy, *Mademoiselle*, Nov.

1946

Final Victim (w/Hasse), *Amazing Stories*, Feb.
The Traveler, *Weird Tales*, March
One Timeless Spring, *Collier's*, April 13
The Miracles of Jamie, *Charm*, April
The Smiling People, *Weird Tales*, May
Defense Mech, *Planet Stories*, Spring
Rocket Skin, *Thrilling Wonder St.*, Spring
Her Eyes, Her Lips, Her Limbs (as "Wm. Elliott"), *Californian*, June
Chrysalis, *Amazing Stories*, July
The Night, *Weird Tales*, July
The Electrocution (as "William Elliott"), *Californian*, Aug.
Lorelei of the Red Mist (w/Brackett), *Planet Stories*, Summer
The Million Year Picnic, *Planet Stories*, Summer
The Homecoming, *Mademoiselle*, Oct.
The Creatures That Time Forgot

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(Frost and Fire), *Planet Stories*, Fall
Let's Play Poison, *Weird Tales*, Nov.
The Small Assassin, *Dime Mystery*, Nov.
A Careful Man Dies, *New Detective*, Nov.

1947

The Handler, *Weird Tales*, Jan.
The Man Upstairs, *Harper's*, March
Tomorrow and Tomorrow, *Fantastic Adventures*, May
The Cistern, *Mademoiselle*, May
Rocket Summer, *Planet Stories*, Spring
Interim, *Weird Tales*, July
Wake for the Living (The Coffin), *Dime Mystery*, Sept.
El Dia De Muerte (The Day of Death), *Touchstone*, Fall
Interim (Time Intervening), *Epoch*, Fall
Zero Hour, *Planet Stories*, Fall
I See You Never, *New Yorker*, N. 8
The Irritated People, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Dec.
The Emissary
Uncle Einar
The Next in Line
The Maiden
The Night Sets
Jack-in-the-Box
} in DARK CARNIVAL

1948

The Candy Skull, *Dime Mystery*, Jan.
The Shape of Things, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Feb.
The October Game, *Weird Tales*, March
Powerhouse, *Charm*, March
The Black Ferris, *Weird Tales*, May
Jonah of the Jove Run, *Planet Stories*, Spring
And the Moon be Still as Bright, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, June
The Earth Men, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Aug.
Piller of Fire, *Planet Stories*, Summer
The Long Years (Dwellers in Silence), *Maclean's Magazine* (Canada) Sept. 15
Fever Dream, *Weird Tales*, Sept.
End of Summer, *Script*, Sept.
Mars is Heaven (The Third Expedition), *Planet Stories*, Fall
Referent (as "Brett Sterling"), *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Oct.
The Square Pegs, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Oct.
The Women, *Famous Fantastic Mysteries*, Oct.
Touch and Go (The Fruit at the Bottom of the Bowl), *Detective Book Mag.*, Nov.
The Visitor, *Startling Stories*, Nov.
The Off Season, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Dec.
The Spring Night (Summer Night), *The Arkham Sampler*, Winter
Asleep in Armageddon (Perchance to Dream), *Planet Stories*, Winter
The Meadow, in BEST ONE ACT PLAYS of 1947-48

1949

The Silence, *Super Science Stories*, Jan.
The Man, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Feb.
The Great Fire, *Seventeen*, March
The Silent Towns, *Charm*, March
Marionettes, Inc., *Startling Stories*, March
The Concrete Mixer, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, April

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I, Mars, *Super Science Stories*, April
The Lonely Ones, *Startling Stories*, July
Changeling, *Super Science Stories*, July
The One Who Waits, *The Arkham Sampler*, Summer
The Naming of Names (Dark They Were, and Golden-Eyed), *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Aug.
Holiday, *The Arkham Sampler*, Autumn
The Mad Wizards of Mars (The Exiles), *Maclean's Magazine*, Sept. 15
Kaleidoscope, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Oct.
Impossible (The Martian), *Super Science Stories*, Nov.
A Blade of Grass, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Dec.

1950

I'll Not Look for Wine (Ylla), *Maclean's Magazine*, Jan. 1
All on a Summer's Night, *Today*, Jan. 22
Payment in Full, *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, Feb.
Outcast of the Stars (The Rocket), *Super Science Stories*, March
Punishment Without Crime, *Other Worlds*, March
Carnival of Madness (Usher II), *Thrilling Wonder Stories*, April
Miss Bidwell, *Charm*, April
There Will Come Soft Rains, *Collier's*, May 6
To the Future (The Fox and the Forest), *Collier's*, May 13
The Highway (as "Leonard Spaulding"), *Copy*, Spring
Forever and the Earth, *Planet Stories*, Spring
The Illustrated Man, *Esquire*, July
Way in the Middle of the Air, *Other Worlds*, July
Purpose (The City), *Startling Stories*, July
The Window, *Collier's*, Aug. 5
Death-by-Rain (The Long Rain), *Planet Stories*, Summer
The Whole Town's Sleeping, *McCall's*, Sept.
The World the Children Made (The Veldt), *Sat. Eve. Post*, Sept. 23
Death Wish, *Planet Stories*, Fall
Season of Disbelief, *Collier's*, Nov. 25
The Bonfire, *Torquasian Times*, Winter
The Green Morning, Night Meeting } in THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES

1951

The Fireman (early version of FAHRENHEIT 451), *Galaxy SF*, Feb.
The Last Night of the World, *Esquire*, Feb.
The Other Foot, *New Story*, March
The Green Machine, *Argosy* (England), March
In This Sign (The Fire Balloons), *Imagination*, April
The Pumpernickel, *Collier's*, May 19
These Things Happen, *McCall's*, May
The Screaming Woman, *Today*, May 27
The Rocket Man, *Maclean's Magazine*, May
The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms (The Fog Horn), *Sat. Evening Post*, June 23
The Pedestrian, *The Reporter*, Aug. 7

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A Little Journey, *Galaxy SF*, Aug.
Embroidery, *Marvel SF*, Nov.
No Particular Night or Morning, in THE ILLUSTRATED MAN
The Illustrated Man (special book prologue), in THE ILLUSTRATED MAN
Here There Be Tygers, in NEW TALES OF SPACE AND TIME

1952

The April Witch, *Sat. Evening Post*, April 5
The Wilderness, *Today*, April 6
The Lawns of Summer, *Nation's Business*, May
Love Contest (as "Leonard Douglas"), *Sat. Evening Post*, May 23
A Piece of Wood, *Esquire*, June
A Sound of Thunder, *Collier's*, June 28
The Smile, *Fantastic*, Summer
Cora and the Great Wide World (The Great Wide World Over There), *Maclean's*, Aug. 15
The Tombling Day, *Shanandoah*, Autumn
A Flight of Ravens, *California Quarterly*, Winter
Torrid Sacrifice (En La Noche), *Cavalier*, Nov.
The Gift, *Esquire*, Dec.

1953

Sun and Shadow, *The Reporter*, March 17
Hail and Farewell, *Today*, March 29
Bullet With a Name, *Argosy*, April
The Murderer, *Argosy* (England), June
Dandelion Wine, *Gourmet*, June
And So Died Riabouchinska, *The Saint Detective Mag.*, June-July
Time in Thy Flight, *Fantastic Universe*, June-July
The Millioneth Murder (And the Rock Cried Out), *Manhunt*, Sept.
The Garbage Collecctor, *The Nation*, Oct. 10
A Scent of Summer (Scent of Sarsaparilla), *Argosy* (England), Oct.
The Playground, *Esquire*, Oct.
The Golden Apples of the Sun, *Planet Stories*, Nov.
The Golden Kite, the Silver Wind, *Epoch*, Winter
The Flying Machine, in THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN
FAHRENHEIT 451 (A novel)

1954

The Marriage Mender, *Collier's*, Jan. 22
The Dwarf, *Fantastic*, Jan.-Feb.
Dinner at Dawn, *Everywoman's Mag.*, Feb.
All Summer in a Day, *Mag. of Fantasy and SF*, March
Interval in Sunlight, *Esquire*, March
The Watchful Poker Chip (of H. Matisse), *Beyond*, March
Shopping for Death (Touched With Fire), *Maclean's Magazine*, June 1
At Midnight, in the Month of June, *Ellery Queen's Mystery Mag.*, June
They Knew What They Wanted, *Sat. Evening Post*, June 26
The Wonderful Death of Dudley Stone, *Charm*, July
The Swan, *Cosmopolitan*, Sept.

1955

The Last, the Very Last, *The Reporter*, June 2

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The Trolley, *Good Housekeeping*, July
The Dragon, *Esquire*, Aug.
The Mice, *Escapade*, Oct.
The Strawberry Window, in STAR SF STORIES—#3
SWITCH ON THE NIGHT, (children's book)

1956

Summer in the Air (The Sound of Summer Running), *Sat. Evening Post*, Feb. 18
Icarus Montgolfier Wright, *Mag. of Fantasy and SF*, May
Next Stop, the Stars (The End of the Beginning), *Maclean's Magazine*, Oct. 27
The Time of Going Away, *The Reporter*, Nov. 29

1957

In a Season of Calm Weather, *Playboy*, Jan.
Illumination, *The Reporter*, May 16
Good-by, Grandma, *Sat. Evening Post*, May 25
The Day it Rained Forever, *Harper's*, July
The Happiness Machine, *Sat. Evening Post*, Sept. 14
Almost the End of the World, *The Reporter*, Dec. 26

1958

The Headpiece, *Lilliput* (England), May
The Town Where No One Got Off, *Ellery Queen's Mystery Mag.*, Oct.
The Magic White Suit (Wonderful Ice Cream Suit), *Sat. Evening Post*, Oct. 4
The Great Collision of Monday Last, *Contact* #1

1959

The Shoreline at Sunset, *Mag. of Fantasy and SF*, March
A Wild Night in Galway, *Harper's*, Aug.
Statues, *Offbeat* #4
A Medicine for Melancholy, in A MEDICINE FOR MELANCHOLY

1960

Forever Voyage, *Sat. Evening Post*, Jan. 9
Death and the Maiden, *Mag. of Fantasy and SF*, March
The Drummer Boy of Shiloh, *Sat. Evening Post*, April 30
The Best of All Possible Worlds, *Playboy*, Aug.
Very Late in the Evening, *Playboy*, Dec.

1961

The Begger on the Dublin Bridge, *Sat. Evening Post*, Jan. 14
The Illustrated Woman, *Playboy*, March

1962

A Miracle of Rare Device, *Playboy*, Jan.
Nightmare Carousel, *Mademoiselle*, Jan.
Perhaps We are Going Away, *Topper*, Jan.
The Prehistoric Producer, *Sat. Evening Post*, June 23
Tread Lightly to the Music, *Cavalier*, Oct.

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Come Into My Cellar, *Galaxy SF*, Oct.
The Machineries of Joy, *Playboy*, Dec.
SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY COMES (a novel)

POEMS

Death in Mexico, *California Quarterly*, 1954
A Dublin Limerick, THE SILVER TREASURY OF LIGHT VERSE, 1957
Harvest, *Science Fair*, 1962

ORIGINAL SCREEN TREATMENT

The Meteor (It Came From Outer Space), 1953

ORIGINAL TELEVISION STORIES

The Bullet Trick, Jane Wyman Theater, 1956
I Sing the Body Electric, Twilight Zone, 1962
The Jail, Alcoa Premiere, 1962

Note: Many of Bradbury's stories have been adapted to television, but Bradbury has only written 13 scripts: 10 adaptations plus the three originals listed above.

BOOK INTRODUCTIONS

to Theodore Sturgeon's WITHOUT SORCERY, 1948
to Zero Hour in MY BEST SF STORY, 1949
to Ylla in THE OUTER REACHES, 1951
to his edited collection TIMELESS STORIES FOR TODAY AND TOMORROW, 1951
to his edited collection THE CIRCUS OF DR. LAO, 1956
to Jules Verne's MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, 1959
to Jules Verne's AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS, 1962
to Jules Verne's 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, 1962 (This intro was called The Ardent Blasphemers.)

NON-FICTION

AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL

Bradbury on a Bat, *Weird Tales*, Nov. 1943
What Can a Writer Say, *Weird Tales*, Jan. 1945
Feature Flash: Ray Bradbury, *Planet Stories*, Fall 1947
Author, Author, *The Fanscient*, Winter 1949
Where Do You Get Your Ideas?, *Etaoin Shrdlu*, April 1950
A Few Notes on the Martian Chronicles, *Rhodomagnetic Digest*, May 1950

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Where Do I Get My Ideas?, *Book News*, Summer 1950
The Season of Sitting, *Charm*, Aug. 1951
Magic, Magicians, Carnival and Fantasy, *Ray Bradbury Review*, 1952
Sketch for TWENTIETH CENTURY AUTHORS, Supplement 1, 1955
Paris by Stop Watch, *Mademoiselle*, March 1960

MISC.

Report on the Convention, *Science Fiction Mag.*, 1939
Propaganda Via Music, *Science Fiction Mag.*, 1940
Of Callouses and Corns, *Script*, March 8, 1941
Like it or Lump it, *Script*, June 7, 1941
Science and Science Fiction, *Ray Bradbury Review*, 1952
No Man is an Island, speech printed in booklet in 1952 by National Women's Comm. Brandeis Univ.
Of Her we Sing (in letters section), *Harper's*, Sept. 1952
Mr. Bradbury Talks Back, *The Nation*, Nov. 29, 1952
Day After Tomorrow: Why Science Fiction?, *The Nation*, May 2, 1953
Marvels and Miracles—Pass it On!, *New York Times Magazine*, March 20, 1955
The First Night of Lent, *Playboy*, March 1956
The Joy of Writing, *The Writer*, Oct. 1956
Zen and the Art of Writing, *The Writer*, Oct. 1958
Thoughts While Sleeping at My Machine, *Daily Variety*, Nov. 4, 1958
In Defense of Los Angeles, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, March 1959
Literature in the Space Age, *California Librarian*, July 1960
A Serious Search for Weird Worlds, *Life*, Oct. 24, 1960
—from a Symposium on Creative Writing, *Four Quarters*, Jan. 1961
Los Angeles: Almost in Orbit, *Carte Blanche*, Spring 1961
How to Keep and Feed a Muse, *The Writer*, July 1961
Boredom as a Way of Life, *Los Angeles*, Sept. 1962
Cry the Cosmos, *Life*, Sept. 14, 1962
Letters to a Young, Aspiring Author, printed as a booklet by the San Antonio Public Library, 1962

SELECTED MATERIAL ON RAY BRADBURY

The Market is Not the Story, by R. Walton Williams, *Writer's Markets*, March 1948
Fantasy's Prodigy by Walt Gillings, *Fantasy Review*, (England) Summer 1949
Morals From Mars, by Richard Donovan, *The Reporter*, June 26, 1951
Talk With Mr. Bradbury, by Harvey Breit, *New York Times Book Review*, Aug. 5, 1951
The Case Against Bradbury, by Edward Wood, *Journal of SF*, Fall 1951
Bradbury, Ray (Douglas)—no byline, *Current Biography*, June 1953

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The Bradbury Years, by William F. Nolan, *Inside*, September 1953
What Makes Bradbury "Burn"?, by Sam Moskowitz, *Amazing*, October 1961
Writing as Self Discovery, by F. A. Rockwell, *Author & Journalist*, Feb. 1962
The Magic World of Ray Bradbury, by Charles Davenport, *Los Angeles*, March 1962
THE RAY BRADBURY REVIEW,* a 64-page booklet edited by W. F. Nolan in 1952, dealing with the life and work of Bradbury. Contains articles by Chad Oliver, Anthony Boucher, Henry Kuttner, etc. as well as a complete index (through 1951) listing reprints, radio sales, TV sales, anthology selections, etc. Also fiction and non-fiction *by* Bradbury.

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The life of R. Bretnor is filled with interesting details of the sort which make editors-writing-introductions rub their hands; the character *of R. Bretnor is filled with stern ethics which produce comments such as, "Where a writer is concerned, the work should be the whole thing, and the personality of the writer should be kept out of it." We heartily disagree, but R. Bretnor is so much bigger than we are that we dare not disobey. License is given us only to mention that he collects Siamese cats, Japanese swords, and hand-guns; has translated the first book about cats,* Les Chats *by François-Augustin Paradis de Moncrif (Thomas Yoseloff and the Golden Cockerel Press, $20 in cloth, $40 in morocco); edited the critical symposium* Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning And Its Future *(Coward-McCann, 1953); is the author of the article on science fiction in the new* Encyclopedia Britannica; *and is not unconnected with The Exceedingly Strange Career of Ferdinand Feghoot. And now, gentles, on to the story of Pietro, the singing fisherman—of Joe, his musical engineer—and that most fatal of* femmes fatales *(Hark! Is that a porpoise off the starboard bow?), of whom it must suffice for now to say that*

Mrs. Pigafetta Swims Well

by R. Bretnor

MR. COASTGUARD, THIS IS WHAT has happened to Pietro Pugliese, who is captain of the fishing boat *Il Trovatore,* of Monterey. Me, Joe Tonelli, I am his engineer. I know.

It is because of Mrs. Pigafetta, from Taranto. It is her fault. Also the porpoises. It is also because Pietro has been famous—

You do not know? You have not heard how one time he is the great *tenore?* Yes, in Rome, Naples, Venice—even in La Scala in Milano. *Do, re, mi, fa*—like so, only with more beauty. Caruso, Gigli—

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those fellows can only make a squeak alongside Pietro, I tell you.

So what, you say? It is important. It is why Mrs. Pigafetta becomes his landlady. It is why she hides his clothes so that he cannot run away like her first husband who maybe is in Boston. It is why the porpoises—

Okay, Mr. Coastguard, okay. I will tell one thing at one time. I will begin when first I hear Pietro sing, last Tuesday night.

He calls to me when he is at the wheel. Our hold is full of fish. The sea is smooth. The moon hangs in the sky like a fine oyster. But I can see that he is still not happy. He has not been happy for two months. All the time he shakes his head. He sighs.

I am worried. I ask if maybe he has a bad stomach, but he does not reply. All at once, his head is thrown back—his mouth is open—he sings! It is from the last act of *Tosca,* in the jail. They are going to execute this guy, and he is singing goodbye to the soprano, who is his girl. You know? That is why it is sad.

I am full of surprise. Never have I heard a voice so rich—like the best *zabaglione,* made with egg yolk, sugar, sweet wine. Also it is strong, like a good foghorn. Even the mast trembles.

I listen to the end. I look at him. His face is to the moon. He weeps! Slowly, many tears roll down his cheeks. What would you do? I want him to feel good. I tell him he is great. I cry, *Bravissimo!*

At last he speaks, as from the grave. "Joe, it is as you say. It is true I am a great man. Even the angels do not have a voice like me. And now—" His chest goes up and down. "—it is this voice which cooks my goose! Almost, I lose all hope. But I say, 'Joe is my good friend. Maybe he can help—'"

Then, Mr. Coastguard, I hear the story. His papa is a fisherman. Once, they come to Naples. While Pietro mends the nets, he sings. He is young, handsome. A rich *marchesa* hears him. And it is done! A year—the world is at his feet. He has a palace, a gold watch, mistresses—yes, *principessas,* girls from the ballet, the wives of millionaires! He sings. All—kings, queens, cardinals—they cry with joy. Even the English often clap their hands.

He is an innocent. He does not know the other singers burn with jealousy. He does not know the critics envy him. They plot. Always they say bad things. One day there is no place for him to sing! Ah, he is wounded to the heart. He goes away. He takes a cabin on a little ship. For two days, without a fee, he sings to the waves, the passengers, the crew. But he is betrayed! The sea has envy too. There comes a storm. Those people on the ship are stupid fools. They say it is his fault. They—they throw him overboard!

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He tells me this. Again he sighs. "I cannot swim. I fight against the waves. I call aloud the names of many saints. I sink! But I am not afraid. When I come up, I sing! Again the water swallows me. Then—all is black. My friend, when I awake I think that I am dead. But I am not. I am in Mrs. Pigafetta's house."

Mr. Coastguard, it is a miracle! The ship is near Taranto. There is this island. And on it is the *penzione* of Mrs. Pigafetta, for shipwrecked sailors. She has heard the fine voice of Pietro in the storm. She has rescued him. It is nothing for Mrs. Pigafetta. She swims well.

He wakes—and she is sitting there, all wet. He is surprised to see her. He makes the sign of the cross, but she says nothing. There is love in her eyes.

And she is beautiful. Not thin, like a young girl, but plump and strong, with fine hips—wide like so. Her lips are red. Her hair is black, done up on top. It shines like it has olive oil on it. Besides, she is a woman of experience—

Still, when Pietro tells me this, he grinds his teeth. "Why do I stay with her, my friend? It is because at first I am in love. It is a madness. All night, all day—such passion. There are two sailors there, Greeks; she does not speak to them. Each month she makes them pay. But me—one month, two months, three—I get no bill. She teaches me to swim. We sit on the rocks in the sun, and we sing to each other—*La Forza del Destino, Pagliacci, Rigoletto*. My love has made me deaf. I do not notice that her contralto has the sound of brass. Imagine it!"

Then, in one moment, Pietro's eyes are opened. A day comes when Mrs. Pigafetta pushes him away. She lets him kiss her neck, her ear—that is all! He does not understand. He asks, *"Carissima,* my sweet lobster, what is wrong?"

She pushes him some more. She makes her lips thin. She says, "No, no, Pietro *mio!* We must marry in the Church."

Even as Pietro tells me this, his face is sad. "At once, all is changed. It comes to me that her voice is loud, of poor quality. Besides, I am Pietro Pugliese—there is my public. I must not stay always with one woman. I make a long face. I ask about her first husband, Pigafetta. I ask her, 'He is dead?' And she laughs at me. She shrugs. 'He is in Boston. It is the same.'"

From the wheelhouse of *Il Trovatore,* Pietro looks to port, to starboard. There is light from the moon on the waves. All over, porpoises are playing—

"Ah, she is stubborn! She makes me afraid. I see I have a great problem, with much trouble. Why? You ask me why? Joe, I have one more reason I cannot marry Mrs. Pigafetta in the Church. It is because—"

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He moves his hand to show me. His voice shakes.

"—because Mrs. Pigafetta is a woman only from here up. From here down, she is a fish!"

Okay, Mr. Coastguard, you do not believe. It is because, like me, you have never seen a woman like Mrs. Pigafetta. A mermaid? That is what I ask Pietro. He says no, that it is different. Mrs. Pigafetta is a woman of experience—

The days pass. Always she pushes him away. Always she says, "No, we must marry in the Church."

He argues. "If we are married, sometime we have a son. You think I want my son to be a sturgeon, a big sea-bass, perhaps a flounder? I do not know your family."

She laughs. She tells him this cannot be. She says, "Our son can be a bosun in the navy, no worse. Even so, he must know his papa. That is why I push you away."

Soon Pietro tries to escape. He sees a sailing boat. He shouts at it, and runs along the shore. After that, Mrs. Pigafetta takes his clothes. She hides them in her house, which is made in a large cave in the rocks.

But he is brave. Twice more he tries. He swims at night. Each time, the porpoises swim with him. They turn him back, like dogs with a sheep. They are her friends.

When he tells this, he shakes his fist at the porpoises in the sea. "That is when I know that I must be more smart than Mrs. Pigafetta. Again, I sing to her. I praise her voice. And all the time I watch. Ah, she is vain! Two, three times a day she puts on her best hat. She sits at her mirror. She looks at herself one way, then another. She smiles. It is a large hat, with many feathers, much fruit on the top."

Mr. Coastguard, you ask why does she want a hat? But why not? Where she puts the hat she is a woman, not a fish.

Okay. Pietro makes a plan. He promises that they will marry in the Church. After that, she does not say, "No, no." She does not push. But every time she asks when they will marry, he delays.

"*Now?* My pretty perch, my sea-anemone! It is the tourist season. You will be kidnaped for your lovely *silver tail*—sold in the black market to rich Americans!"

For weeks it is like that. At last she loses patience. "You say we go to Rome. You promise a cathedral. You even tell me I will meet this Rossellini. *Bah!* Tomorrow you will swim with me to Taranto. The priest will marry us." She is very angry. "You say it is not safe. All right! There is a church by the water. I will bring a long dress. I will wear perfume. No one will know."

Pietro pretends that he is

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pleased. He kisses her. Then he looks sad. "But, *cara mia,* there is —there is one small thing." He points at it. "You cannot possibly be married in this hat."

She weeps. She tells him if he loved her he would like her hat.

He kisses her again. He protests his love. It is only that the hat is out of fashion. The women in the town will laugh at her. Besides, the sea has spoiled it. Then he tells his plan. They will swim together, but she will wait for him in the water. He will buy her a new hat.

"Joe, I am smart," Pietro says. "I know that she is mad with love. In the morning, we swim to Taranto. She gives me back my clothes. I put them on. I leave her in the water. Quickly, I take a train. Then I come to America. I buy this boat, *Il Trovatore.* I make an oath—"

Again the tears fall. "My friend, I know that if I keep this oath I will be safe. Four years, I do not sing. Then, two months ago, you go to visit your papa. While you are gone, I bring a lady on the boat. Ah, she is beautiful—the wife of an old man who has a bank. She gives me wine. And—and for one moment I forget! I sing for her. From *Don Giovanni,* from *La Traviata.* But suddenly she points her finger at the sea. I look—and my heart is dead! I see the porpoises. They, too, are listening!"

That is why there has been a sadness on Pietro's soul. The porpoises are Mrs. Pigafetta's friends. He knows that they will tell her where he is.

I say, "Have courage! Taranto is a long way. The porpoises will not want to go so far. It will take many months for her to come."

His tears fall like rain. "No, no," he cries. "The porpoises shout to each other through the sea. Also, there is the Panama Canal. She swims well. She will be here soon!"

Mr. Coastguard, the sea is full of porpoises. They play. They leap into the air. There are more now. Also they seem more glad.

"Joe, look!" Pietro grabs my arm. "That is how they are when she is near. I tell you, she comes tonight! You must help me, Joe!"

I say to him, "Have no fear. I do not let her take you back. I will do what you want."

He embraces me. He says, "I have a plan. Maybe once more I can be more smart than Mrs. Pigafetta. You remember one week ago, when we are in San Pedro, I go ashore? Okay, I go to buy a hat. It is a fine hat, the new style, green, with bright things that hang down and a long plume from the top."

The box is in the wheelhouse. He opens it. "I have paid eighteen dollars. Maybe when you give her this fine hat she is ashamed and will go away."

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"Me?" I say.

"Yes, yes! We watch the porpoises so I can tell when she has come real close. We bring Nick from the galley to hold the wheel. You tie me to the mast—"

I ask, "Why must I tie you to the mast?"

He looks over his shoulder. He makes his voice low. "Because it is a smart trick, made by a Greek. You tie me to the mast with lots of rope, good and strong. You wait on deck. She calls out from the sea, 'Pietro *mio,* where are you?' I sing a little bit. She comes more quickly. She grabs the rail. She wants to climb aboard—Joe, that is when you must think well! You must say, 'Mrs. Pigafetta, it is nice meeting you. Pietro has bought for you this hat. It is expensive. It is a token of his love. But he cannot go with you to your house.' Then you must tell her something so she goes away."

For two hours, we talk about what I must tell to Mrs. Pigafetta. Sometimes Pietro weeps. Sometimes he is angry. But at last I get a good thought. I say, "I will tell her that I tie you up because you are crazy in the head with love—that you try to jump into the sea—that you believe a fat porpoise is Mrs. Pigafetta."

It is now very late. The moon has fallen in the sky. There are more porpoises even than before. They swim around *Il Trovatore.* All the time, they look at us.

Suddenly, Pietro starts to tremble. He whispers, *"She is near!"* He crouches by the mast. We call for Nick to hold the wheel. I take the rope—.

And then—crash! bang!—something hits *Il Trovatore* a great blow on the bottom. The stern lifts in the air. I fall. Pietro cries aloud.

What is it? A great fish? A whale? I do not know. Next thing, I hear my engine. It runs fast—faster, faster! It screams—

I forget Pietro! I forget all but my engine. I got to it like a mama to her child who is hurt. Nick is there too. He shouts, "What is wrong?" I shout back, "A fish has broken the propeller!" I turn the engine off.

We look to see if there is a bad leak. Maybe for five minutes we look. Then, all at once—I remember! We leap up to the deck—

The boat has stopped in the water. It rocks gently. All is still. The porpoises have gone. I guess the big fish has gone too. And Pietro? He is not there any more.

Across the deck, there is sea water. In a strip—wide like so—it is wet. Also, on the deck there is the box. Next to it is a hat. But, Mr. Coastguard, it is not the fine hat Pitero buys down in San Pedro. Here, look at it! See how it is out of fashion? See the flowers, the fruit? See how it has been spoiled by the sea?

Ah, when we see it, we are just like you. At first we have no

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words. Then, to port, to starboard, we shout loudly, "Pietro! Where are you, Pietro? Answer us! Come back!"

There is no answer. Only, far away, we hear this voice singing. It is strong and full of joy. But it is not Pietro's voice. It is a contralto—with the sound of brass.

No, Mr. Coastguard, I do not think that you will find Pietro. It is too late. Mrs. Pigafetta is a woman of experience. She swims well.

Through Time And Space With Ferdinand Feghoot: LXII

In 3945, Ferdinand Feghoot invented his Para-Time Traveller, which enabled him to visit legendary and mythological figures in those eras when they might have existed.

He immediately sought out Paul Bunyan, whom he found in the middle para-1800's, busily logging off and draining the Great Dakota Swamp. "Say, am I glad to see you!" boomed Bunyan. "I got a problem, and I know you can help me. But first I'll show you around." They spent the rest of the day inspecting the vast logging camp, and ended up at the gigantic combined bunk-house and inn Paul had built at the edge of the marsh for his men and the hordes of tourists who flooded there. Proudly, he displayed his ingenious system of conduits for pressurizing the upper stories, the mile-wide sheet of metal he used as a frying pan, and his gravy vats—each over a hundred yards in diameter.

"And right there's my problem," he announced gloomily, pointing at thousands of strange stick-like creatures flitting over the vats. "I had to figure out how to keep stirring the gravy so's to keep it from burning, so I crossed canoe paddles with dragonflies and trained the young 'uns to fly like you see. Now everyone wants to know what I call 'em, and I just *can't* think of a name folks'll remember. Feghoot, can you?"

"Marsh In flying sauce oars," said Ferdinand Feghoot.

—Grendel Briarton (*with thanks to Richard Olcott*)

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"Nature, and Nature's laws, lay veiled in night," sang the poet Pope; "God said, Let Newton be. And all was light." Since then, and largely lately, men have been looking behind the veil. Jack Leahy is instructor in what the University of Washington chooses to call its "Humanistic-Social Studies Department," has written a novel (SHADOWS ON THE WATER, Knopf, 1960), and short stories for the Kenyon, San Francisco, *and other* Reviews. *There are many ways of regarding the Old Learning in relation to the New, Mr. Leahy's is here for you to read, and as for light. . . .*

NEWTON SAID

by Jack Thomas Leahy

IT HAD BEEN A POOR DAY FOR Mr. Peaseblossom, but as he sat in the dark comfortable interior of his cave, watching the last dying moments of the evening fade away from him, he reflected that things had not been going well for three or four hundred years now. Ever since Newton had been born. Today, for example, Mr. Peaseblossom had turned himself into a toad in order to help his favorite midwife rid herself of warts. The gods knew, there weren't many midwives left anymore, and when Mr. Peaseblossom saw his chance to be of aid, he was there on the spot with his spirits of woodbine, his crushed musk-rose, his newts and hedge-hogs. But today, having turned himself into a toad, he had not only forgot the magical incantation for removing warts, but he had even forgotten how to turn himself back into an elf. Mr. Peaseblossom sat, squatted rather, on all webbed fours, his emerald eyes gleaming in the early moonlight, waiting until midnight would transform him back to his natural shape.

Footsteps in the cave awakened Mr. Peaseblossom from his angry revery. That would be Newton, going down to the stream to wash out his beakers and test-tube.

"Father!" Newton said, "You look exactly like a toad!"

"Yes, I know. I forgot the Incantation again."

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"You must be more careful," Newton said, a bit patronizingly. "Yesterday you were almost eaten by a cow."

"The Clover Chthonian," Mr. Peaseblossom moaned: "I meant to give a four leaf clover to a charming Nibelung that I met. For luck, you know. They haven't been doing so well since Siegfried. This one was working as a gas station attendant."

"And instead of the Chthonian, you recited the Mudpuppy Myomancy."

"Yes," Mr. Peaseblossom hung his head. "I turned myself into a bed of clover."

"Ah!" Newton said. "The old charms aren't working so well," and he made his way to the mouth of the cave, his vials and tubes tinkling like silver bells in the moonlight.

"Young brat!" Mr. Peaseblossom croaked after his son. "The gods knew it was an evil day when your mother gave you that chemistry set." But only the thin tinkling of the bells and Newton's low laughter drifted back to him.

Pure fury came upon Mr. Peaseblossom, and he flicked his long gummy tongue at passing insects of the night. He had warned Mrs. Peaseblossom that she was playing with danger when she gave Newton the set. An Alchemy outfit yes. A pot or two plus some old chunks of copper had never hurt anyone. But all of these tubes and bottles and wires: nothing could come out of *that!*

"You're just oldfashioned," Mrs. Peaseblossom had said. "All the Wizards are doing it nowadays." That made Mr. Peaseblossom so mad, he forthwith turned himself into a blue Rere-rere mouse.

Nevertheless, Newton got his chemistry set, and the next thing Mr. Peaseblossom knew, his son wanted to be an Atomic Physicist.

At first, even though he was apprehensive, Mr. Peaseblossom thought his son would grow out of it and return to the good old things: the myrrh, moonstone and mandrake would lure Newton back. There was even a sort of fascination in watching Newton playing with his bottles and test-tubes, although that was amateur compared to when Mr. Peaseblossom had captured Succubus in a cloven tree. Those had been the days. Just to show his son what was what, Mr. Peaseblossom turned Newton into a demi-puppet, right as he stood there holding his vials of smoking, steaming bubbles.

"Just you wait," Newton had said to him, looking very foolish.

Mr. Peaseblossom had laughed then, but it seemed as if hardly a hundred years had passed before Newton, mixing things together, blew the entire top right off the cave and utterly destroyed a month's harvest of moonbeams. Mr. Peaseblossom, making his

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way through the smoke and tumbled wreckage, came upon his son, triumphantly clutching a flask.

"I'm going to call it dynamite." Newton said.

Things had begun to go wrong with Mr. Peaseblossom's Incantations from that moment. Little things at first, like a batch of newts created with three eyes, or falling off a bat's back, a thing Mr. Peaseblossom had never done before.

"You've been working too hard," his wife told him. "Perhaps you ought to see a psychiatrist." That seemed to be a good idea to Mr. Peaseblossom, so forthwith he called up a psychiatrist and made an appointment.

The very next day, Mr. Peaseblossom lay on the psychiatrist's couch and explained his troubles. There was something wrong with his Amulets, he told the stern man who faced him from across the desk. He mentioned the three-eyed newts and falling off the bat's back, and the fact that his owl's bed seemed rather lumpy.

"Don't sleep well, do you?" the stern man asked.

Mr. Peaseblossom nodded unhappily.

"Bad dreams, I suppose?"

He nodded again.

"Mind telling me about them," the doctor said and took up his notepad.

"There's one dream that keeps recurring . . ."

"Ah!"

"Kites, keys and apples."

"I beg your pardon?" the psychiatrist said.

"Kites, keys and apples," Mr. Peaseblossom said again, "and there's a steaming teakettle that keeps popping in and out."

"This is indeed interesting!" the doctor said, writing rapidly on his notepad. "Mind telling me how you fit into all of this?"

"Well, it always begins the same way," Mr. Peaseblossom began. "I am stringing dew-drops from the moon into a necklace of silver when suddenly the moon turns into a kite and the dew-drops become a long string of wire, and my wand is suddenly a key."

"Yes?"

"There is a tremendous flash of light, a tingling in my arm, and an apple falls on my head."

"My word," the psychiatrist said, "these are strange dreams to be sure." He hesitated for a moment. "You, uh, mentioned a teakettle?"

"With a popping lid," Mr. Peaseblossom said. "Just after the apple lands on my head, Newton comes walking past, carrying the teakettle."

"Newton?"

"My son," Mr. Peaseblossom said, somewhat irritated. "He always has a terrible grin on his face."

"*Ah!*" the doctor said, smiling a

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little. "Tell me, Mr. Peaseblossom, exactly when do you have these bad dreams?"

"In my sleep, of course."

"No, no. I mean, when you have the dreams, does anything unusual happen during the day?"

"Nooo . . ." Mr. Peaseblossom said slowly, scratching his chin. "Nothing unusual. Just Newton playing with his Chemistry set like always. He has an absurd idea that he wants to be an Atomic Physicist. Can you imagine?"

"You resent that?" the psychiatrist asked intently. He leaned forward, peering closely at Mr. Peaseblossom.

"I am an Elf," Mr. Peaseblossom proudly said. "My father before me was an Elf and his father before that, all the way back to the beginning of time. Think what would happen if it got out about Newton. Why, it would ruin my standing in the community. The Society of Elves would censure me." He dabbed with his handkerchief at the moisture in his eyes.

"There, there," the doctor consoled. "Its not really such a tragedy, you know. Why, some of the best wizards are doing it nowadays."

"That's what my wife said!" Mr. Peaseblossom shouted at him, "and its a bunch of poppycock! Charlatans and quacks! They couldn't even conjure up a decent Levitation. They couldn't transmogrophie a saphire-eyed newt!"

"What was that you said?" the doctor asked quickly.

"Saphire-eyed newt."

"And your son's name?"

"Newton, I *told* you."

"Ah!" The psychiatrist wrote on his notepad *Classic Case Misplaced Wishfullfillment,* and then, as he regarded Mr. Peaseblossom: *wishes son to be saphire-eyed newt.*

"Youve been working too hard lately," the psychiatrist said. His voice was kind. "You have to take it easy. After all, there aren't as many Elves around as there used to be."

"Oh, I know. I know," Mr. Peaseblossom lamented.

"Best to take up some hobby, golf or bowling. Perhaps an evening or two in the woodshop. Do you worlds of good."

"Fiddlesticks!" shouted Mr. Peaseblossom. "You're as crazy as Newton. Woodworking! Ha!" and puffing himself up, he shouted triumphantly at the heavens: "Sharibri Abracabrada!" but knowing, even while he was in the midst of his wild yell that somehow he had gotten the syllables mixed, so that instead of becoming a fierce golden eagle, he ended up a purple blow-fish, his throat ballooning in and out as he stared through his pop-eyes at the sternly propped doctor before him.

"There, you see," the psychiatrist said kindly, "You've tired yourself out."

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Now, as a toad cowering in the dark recesses of his cave, Mr. Peaseblossom thought back on his hundreds of years of indignity and decided that the time had finally come for a showdown. He had accomplished great things in his time, and no son of his was going to get away with such foolishness. He waited for slow midnight, watching with great emerald eyes as the full midsummer moon climbed high into the lazy sky. Finally, it was time, and there! Mr. Peaseblossom was his old self again, standing upright and proud on a drooping toadstool.

"Newton!" he shouted loudly into the darkness.

"I'm down in the lab, Dad," his son's voice came back to him.

Mr. Peaseblossom hopped nimbly off the toadstool and made his way to Newton's laboratory.

"Dad!" Newton said. "You're an Elf again."

"Indeed," Mr. Peaseblossom said. "I *am* an Elf again, full of magic and poetry. There are golden candlesticks on the moon."

"Aw, dad," Newton said. "Not that old stuff again."

"All right! All right!" Mr. Peaseblossom roared at him. "You're getting too big for your pants. The time has come to find out what's what."

"O.K." Newton said. "What's what?"

"A test, that's what's what," Mr. Peaseblossom yelled. "A test between you and me to find out who's boss around here."

"O.K. dad," said Newton tiredly. "If you want to play games, I guess its all right with me." He picked up his tubes and things and put them in a suitcase.

"Where do want to have your test," he asked.

"The desert, under the morning moon," said Mr. Peaseblossom.

But if Newton marched off bravely, Mr. Peaseblossom trembled as he hurried back and settled on his toadstool. Things had gone wrong lately, but never, never had he used the Supreme Incantation, the final call of woe and wonder to the gods. Now he intended to conjure up Puck, Robin Goodfellow, Ariel, all of the spirits so that together they might call forth the Greater one, who in his power would show young Newton a thing or two. Mr. Peaseblossom shivered, thinking of the possibilities of his power.

The father and son met as the moon hung half suspended in the western sky, gleaming brightly over the rolling sea of frozen sand.

"Dad, this is silly," Newton said.

"We'll see," said Mr. Peaseblossom, and immediately went into his Incantation. "O Hail, O Dreadful Spirits! O Hail, Puck, Ariel, Troilus, Satanachia! Come to the magic words! Come! Come!"

And saying that, Mr. Pease-

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blossom held up his hands to the sky and shouted the final words: "Bogomils, Brimstone and Iyonsenaoui!" There was a sudden blinding, deafening explosion, and when time and space and sky came back, Mr. Peaseblossom held in his hand a tiny shivering bow-legged, cross-eyed field mouse.

"Oberon?" Mr. Peaseblossom asked.

"Squeek," the mouse said, and showing its stomach, died from simple fright. Mr. Peaseblossom sat in the sand staring at the dead mouse while his son got up.

"My turn now, dad," Newton said.

Mr. Peaseblossom stared at him.

Newton went about pouring together his mixtures, weighing them, taking their temperatures, holding them to the moon. There were no words, no Incantations. Just this silent fury of activity, this silent motion. Finally there was a great twisting of wire and a twirling of knobs and the desert was as silent as death as Newton pushed a button and, for the first time, spoke.

"Let there be light," Newton said, and there was light, a light greater than a thousand, a million suns, a light that spread from horizon to horizon, rising to the top of the sky and then in an instant contracting itself into a great ball of fire just as a momentous thunderclap of sound seemed to revibrate through the very heavens and the giant mushrooming cloud that covered the earth.

"There, you see what I've done," Newton said proudly to his father, but when he turned, Mr. Peaseblossom was nowhere to be found. Newton searched back and forth and called again and again, but all he found in the charred, glazed desert was a broken stemmed cowslip, slowly being covered by the black ash that fell from the darkened sky.

DON'T MISS . . .

HEINLEIN'S new novel, GLORY ROAD, beginning in our July issue (on sale June 4)

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Introduction to John Jakes' UNDERFOLLOW

*This sad, sad story of Pendennis, whose ancient and elegant name couldn't disguise the fact that he was a fifth-rate flack on Mica II for the Earthies, marks the first appearance in F&SF of John Jakes since September 1954. We are pleased to have him back. In the nine years following his very first sale Mr. Jakes has sold about 30 books (". . . inscrutable private eyes, historicals heavy with gore, a couple of juveniles, and a western . . .") and 130 stories. He has also worked for a proprietary drug outfit as product advertising manager, and for an ad agency; if any detectable cynicism in UNDERFOLLOW regarding the improvement of public images is discernable, well . . . He was also terminated as English teacher by a university we shall heavily disguise as Buckeye State when BSU professors learned that he was writing S*****e F*****n: so much for Academic Freedom on the part of academicians. After a long absence from SF, says Mr. J., he "woke up to the fact . . . that it is one of the few mediums left where you can have some plain fun writing . . . play occasional tricks with words and think curious thoughts on blank yellow papers." He adds that he has a wife, four children, a garden snake, and an unspecific number of dogs, cats, and something called "kissing gouramis." We know nothing about these last, but it wouldn't surprise us to learn that they are kept as pets by the Blue Men of Mica II.*

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UNDERFOLLOW

by John Jakes

WHEN WOULD THE FREIGHT OFFICE call?

Unless the freight office called, he couldn't force Dorothy to cooperate. Unless Dorothy cooperated, he couldn't get to see Tiql. Unless he saw Tiql in person, he didn't stand a chance of having the old blue fool satisfy his request. All the letters he'd sent Tiql had gone unanswered, probably because they were written in Earthie. But unless Tiql satisfied his request, he was done for.

Pendennis sighed. He was 45 and almost all fat. He sprawled before the solido set in his apartment near the rocket port. Every time a rocket fired off, the walls shook. Stinking fumes seeped under the door day and night. Still, Pendennis couldn't live anywhere else. The blue men of Mica II discriminated against Earthies, considered them inferior since the Micans had conquered the Earthies a hundred years ago. They said they had a funny smell, too.

While the solido warmed up Pendennis sneaked a look at the locked liquor cabinet. He'd carried it all the way out here ten months ago. In ten months he hadn't touched a drop. He was trying very hard. He knew if he began to drink again, it would be the finish.

On the solido screen colored lights twinkled. Through his ear button came the scratchy voice of the translator, talking Earthie for the benefit of Mica II's commercial colony. As always, when the Micans tried to render their speech in Pendennis' native tongue, the result never quite made sense:

"Next episode in continually drama. Heroes of Vegan Assembly, under the program name Those Who Cannot Be Polluted."

It was the most popular dramatic show on Mican solido. In cabalese of the Earthie Lobby Corps to which Pendennis belonged the program title was *Undeefs*. The Earthies were the Deefs, short for defilers. Pendennis received his pittance of a salary for trying to improve what was known as the public image of the Deefs.

Twenty years ago he'd been on top, pressagenting for top Earthie toy companies. Booze and some innocent blackmail and a short romance with nurf-addiction had reduced him to scrambling after this one last chance on Mica II. He'd gotten the job in the Lobby Corps through a long-suffering

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friend. And he was close to losing it. An angry cable from the Chief Lobbyist lay crumpled at his feet. It said:

WHAT ACTION IMPROVING EARTHIE IMAGE ON UNDEEFS? REPORT WEEKEST. REPEAT WEEKEST. HOPSFORD.

What the hell did Hopsford, light years away back on Earthie, understand about the difficulties of even *communicating* with the Micans, let alone *convincing* them their script writers treated Earthies in the most unfair way? Thinking this purple thought, Pendennis heard the jangly musical interlude, reminiscent of broken glass being rattled in a box, that opened every Undeef episode.

Did Hopsford know, for instance, that it had taken Pendennis a month just to get it straight with the authorites what a lobbyist *was*? The sense got lost in translation. The Micans were so Goddamned literal. They had his occupation listed on the books as *entry-haller*. Straightening it out, Pendennis had to swallow the cheerful abuse they heaped on him because the Earthie system was a single sun but the Vegan Assembly was sixty. They had trouble understanding him because the Earthie tongue was a semi-dead item any more, dead as Pendennis' job security if he didn't report some progress in less than a week.

"Subsequent segment is story numeral six plus eight," said the solido translator through the plug. On the screen appeared a dimensional model of an Earthie rocket rushing along among studio-built stars. Unwholesome purple gasses gushed from its stern. The olfactor track smelled like dead skunk.

The rocket hull vanished in a neat wipe. The scowling Pendennis was treated to a view of the Earthie captain picking his nose with his lime-colored hand. The Undeef serial writers always gave Earthies skins of a funny hue but never, naturally, the light sea blue of the Micans themselves. The Earthie captain's face, a caricature of cruelty, had been created from polymer film sprayed over a native actor's head.

Pendennis wished for a drink, stifled his urge. Light sprayed into the room. His burly wife Bella marched in, stretching a coiled spring exercise device back and forth.

"Jimmy, when you comin' to dinner?"

"Quiet, Bella. I gotta make notes about the Undeefs."

"You and them Undeefs. Ten months you been watchin'. You haven't got in to see that old blue jerk yet. The Earthies are still eatin' their victims for stew."

"Bella, leave me be. I told you a hundderd times, Culture Minister Tiql is hard to reach. On my budget I can't throw no parties or nothing like that."

"Yah, you can't even throw de-

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cent chow on the table for your fambly. Packaged soy again tonight."

Fuming, Pendennis ignored her. With an obscene reproof Bella left. Pendennis yearned more fervently than ever for a jolt of booze. No, mustn't. He *must* get action out of Tiql. Even an interview would help. He studied the screen.

The episodes of the popular Mican serial were set a hundred years in the past. At that time, Earthie rockets had been exploring beyond the limits of their own system. They encountered the mighty Vegan Assembly. Before they realized the size of the Assembly, Earthie went to war. And quickly capitulated, helpless under the psychic drugs of the benevolent Assembly worlds. The plot of the current episode, fictional as they all were, featured an Earthie effort to export narcotic baby food to a sub-planet of the First Group of Assembly stars.

The Earthies exerted extreme pressure—bribes, terrorism—on the local authorities of the planet being sabotaged. Their malevolent scheme seemed about to succeed. Then, a spectrum on the screen announced the arrival of the Vegan Assembly's incorruptible hard core of secret agents, a dedicated mixed bag of creatures from eight worlds, known collectively as Those Who Cannot Be Polluted. Pendennis knew the series was founded on slim truth. Against superior forces, the Earthies had indeed sunk to some low tricks before giving up and signing the treaty that got them psyched into passivity. The Earthies had then retreated with indignity to their own system. Only in the last ten years had the Assembly allowed them to resume trading with the outer worlds, and finally to lobby to improve their public image.

On the screen, the Undeefs infiltrated the Earthie ship. While one of them tried to return some bribe money, he accidentally frightened all the villains into coronaries (the repellant ill health and neuroticism of the Earthie captain and crew having been planted early in the episode).

"Popper?"

With irritation Pendennis saw his son Morey, an oatmeal-faced child of twelve whom he thoroughly despised.

"Gwan, eat your dinner, Morey, I gotta make my notes."

"I don't want dinner, Popper. Mums is mad. Everything's nasty."

"Gwan, get out! All the time bothering—"

"But there's a call on the visor, Popper."

"Goddam it, why didn't you say so?"

He sailed past his son. On the visor screen a sea-blue Mican, his voice coming through the translator, inquired with contempt whether he was J. Pendennis.

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"Yeah, yeah, whacha got? A package?"

The Mican glanced at a manifest. "Single consignment. That is to say, parcel incorporation butter touched repeatly."

"That's butter pats, you—" Pendennis controlled himself. "Uh, thanks a lot. Be right down to collect it."

He ran for the tube. Bella dogged him as he struggled into his outercoat, asking questions. He found himself smiling, even patting her lardy shoulder.

"Honbun, listen. Jimmy's gonna pull it out after all. By next week we'll have a new assignment on some decent world where they treat Earthies like humans."

Bella's jeers echoed down the tube. He didn't care. He felt flushed, powerful. There might be a chance. A chance at more money. A chance to really shake the thirst.

Heedless of stares of contempt from Micans along the pedestrian airpaths, Pendennis walked rapidly until he reached the freight office. Then he proceeded to a grubby apartment fronting the city sewage canal. The Earthie girl who opened the door was young and pasty. She had straight brown hair, limp eyes and no bust.

"Here it is, Dorothy honey." He extended the square brown package. "Gwan, take it."

Dorothy smiled. Her fingers worked up and down the seams of her skirt. "You bastard. I almost shook it."

"Aw, Dorothy! Admit you love the stuff."

Dorothy licked her lips. "How much is there?"

Pendennis sat down and lighted a pressed paper cigar, the only kind he could afford. "Couldn't say. I ordered three grumpkins' worth. With supply and demand, the price goes up and down. Now don't be mad. Ain't you glad you gotta a friend like Jimmy Pendennis who gets a lobbyist's customs immunity? Whacha waiting for? Open it."

Eyes glowing with a mixture of disgust and excitement, Dorothy ripped off the brown wrap and then the fake butter yellow plastic shell beneath. A half dozen phials spilled out. Twelve orange caps gleamed in each phial. Dorothy's face darkened.

"Damn you, Jimmy. Look at that label! I told you Congregationalist, *Congregationalist!* Those are Hebraicaps!"

An unfriendly expression came on his face. "Dorothy, you make me tired. Dope is dope and one religious vision is just like the next. Why can't you get the same kick out of a Jew dream? It's all the same chemical to start with. Jees, talk about ingratitude. I go to lotsa trouble, risk smuggling them out from Earthie and you—hell, at least swallow one and see."

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Dorothy hesitated. She glanced at the caps again, eyes watering.

"Well, I might try just one. But if I'm caught doing what you ask —"

"Listen!" He seized her shoulders with surprising strength. "Stop playin' games with Jimmy. We made a deal. I get you these, you work me in to see Tiql. You're a seventh-class liaison assistant in the Culture Ministry, ain't you? All it takes is for you to sneak in when the Mican secretary goes out for her ceremonial washrag. A stroke of the pen, I'm on the appointment calendar where I been tryin' to get for months. Dorothy I'm not kidding. I'm fighting for Jimmy's life. Hell, even if they find out afterward—"

"I'd be shipped home! I couldn't stand the toy factory again."

Pendennis regularly issued press releases which no newssheets on Mica II ever printed, about the Earthie plastic toy factory, which represented 88% of the GEP. He was affronted. "What's wrong with them toys?"

"They're fifth rate! Just like we're fifth rate. We couldn't face up to it when we met the Vegan Assembly, so we attacked them and—"

"Shaddup! You been brain washed! I won't listen to dirty lies!"

Dorothy's laugh was weak, sad. "You're paid to act that way, paid to put on pressure. You don't care about truth and neither do the people you work for. They only scream so much about how noble the Earthies are so the millions of morons turning out the toys won't revolt. For God's sake, why can't we ever admit that maybe somebody *is* better than an Earthie?"

"Because it ain't true!"

Dorothy didn't reply. Unable to keep her eyes off the phials, she unscrewed one, swallowed three of the capsules, shuddering. Pendennis laughed. He walked around, hunting a place to extinguish his pressed paper cigar, while she mewed and moaned and gnashed her teeth. When he faced her again, her expression was beatific.

"Tomorrow!" Pendennis whispered in her ear. "Next day latest. In the morning I gotta be on the calendar for the morning, right after the ceremonial washrag. They're in the best mood then. Unnerstand me good, Dorothy?"

Dorothy could merely give a dumb nod, falling into a chair, shuddering with visions.

At the door Pendennis paused to extend a finger. "If I show up and can't get in, hon, the customs men will hear something." He raised his voice. "Unnerstand?"

Dorothy gave a feeble nod, beating her fists on her knees. Tears streamed down her cheeks, tears of shame or holy ecstacy, Pendennis couldn't tell which. He cared less as he stepped into the night.

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Even the fumes of the sewage canal didn't depress him any longer. He was set, absolutely set. Dorothy had given him not only hope, but an idea. Perhaps Earthie needed a new brochure explaining the marvels of their toy and novelty industry. The toys and novelties broke apart in several months even if they sat on a shelf, and this in turn created the economic stability of steady production. A new brochure would bolster the Earthie image, clarify the fact that Earthies sustained themselves without outside assistance. He'd cable Hopsford the idea. Along with the news of his success with Tiql, which he felt was inevitable now.

Three mornings later, forgiving Dorothy an extra day's delay because he felt so swollen with success, Pendennis was ushered into the unnerving presence of Minister Tiql.

The Mican was unusually tall for his race. Like all of his fellows, he could not nictitate. Under his sea-blue stare Pendennis tried valiantly to stay calm as he plugged in his ear button. Tiql's boneless fingers did the same.

Then the minister examined his calendar, a gleaming crystal sphere floating several inches above the polished metal slab behind which he reclined on four cushions, the symbol of ministerial rank.

"Indeed your name appears freshly on the calendar and in my head, Earthie."

The movements of Tiql's lips, of course, didn't correspond to the Earthie words. There was a twelve second delay in translation transmission each time either of them spoke.

"Uh, your worship," Pendennis said, careful of his speech so the mechanical translator would make his meaning perfectly clear, "I realize you have lots of duties. You prolly forgot."

"No concern. Proceed for a small interval of my schedule."

"Uh, your exaltedness, I come here on a matter of truth. Representing your—uh—subjects, the Earthies. I gotta favor to ask of this here Culture Ministry."

Tiql regarded him studiously. "If approaching for purposes of wish gratification, why lack you equipment? Such as our tongue?"

Why the hell don't *you* know how to speak Earthie? Pendennis wanted to shout. But he knew he mustn't. He smarted under the realization that such a retort wouldn't hold water anyway. Who should learn who's language, the conquerors or the conquered?

"Sire, I really ain't—ain't good at languages."

"Is indeed," Tiql said reflectively, "that the reason, your inability? Or is it, on the part of Earthies, difficult achievement of the posture of genuine humility of the inferior and beaten? Boast, we never do. Still, cannot you yourselves face truth? Speaking of the Vegan

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Assembly, isn't it objective fact that we are of higher moral purpose, not to mention brain stature, than a world devoted to devices of lace?"

"What was that, sir?" Pendennis clutched the ear button. "Lace? I don't get—"

"Accept correction," Tiql responded, "Substitute frill." The floating garment about his chitinous shoulders lifted a little, as if in disdain.

A hot pink flush rose in Pendennis's cheeks. "I know we're nothing in your estimation, your worship. However, truth is truth. Earthies are da—awful tired of being painted worse than they are."

"Complaint features our museum of art? I was unknowing that this ministry currently had exhibits representing your type."

Why the hell did the translation machines have to be so goddam unimaginative? Why didn't they comprehend all the zip and flavor of Earthie, a tongue that lent its color even to the animated plastic talking dolls produced by great Earthie companies like GenMot and Uniliver?

"Painted, your highmost? I didn't mean anything about art. Figure of—I mean, it's about that there solido show, Those Who Cannot Be Polluted."

"Clarified." Tiql laced his fingers into a blue knot whose intricacy he studied with great care. "Where lies objection? Not in Earthie defeat. That is truth."

"Naw, we lost, we lost, I admit it. But we're all time underdogs."

Tiql's fingers punched indentations into a soft muddy tablet of kidney shape. "Permit a scroll copy for permanency. Let us repeat. Objection is role of Earthies as, you said, underfollow?"

"Dog! Dog!" Pendennis wanted to smash the goddam translation machine, wherever it was. "Uh, erase that and leave me explain otherwise. It's not that we think we can change history. But—Jeez, Earthies have dignity too."

"Many dignified plastic gimmys, Earthie-made displayed at our free duty port, yes," agreed Tiql. "Find ready acceptance in therapeutic clinics among our few head cripples. Please allow more recording." Again he punched indentations. "Our solido displeases?"

"Yeah, your apex. It ain't fair for the Earthie villains in the Endeefs to be such dirty rotten bas—people, all time. To lose all time."

"What is goal of requesting? Truth? Or commercialism?"

"Jeez, your illumination, of course we gotta keep up the ego to keep 'em turning out all those swell toys at FoMoCo and Sheloil and the other Earthie factories, but we didn't kill *that* many Vegans!"

"Bothers it not you when, making such request, you come here without learning our tongue?"

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Same old chestnut again! Pendennis had worked himself into a frenzy. He pounded on the slab, knowing he might be throwing the whole venture out the window but helpless in his rage: "I don't ast much of your scripters. Just—" He thought quickly. "—in one episode, show the other side of the Earthies." He slipped a quivering smile on his lips. "Honest, is that too much?"

Tiql raised a hand. Was he playing games? The voice in the earplug sounded in measured fashion: "The ministry prides in fairness. Give me all of your wish and I will transmit it to the episodic creator of Those Who Cannot Be Polluted." So saying, he produced a fresh kidney tablet.

Wanting to sob with relief, Pendennis said, "Any way it wants—your writer wants to work it out'll be swell. We shouldn't be beat all the time. It's not fair. Is that too much?"

"No."

Pendennis almost fell over.

"Continue with requesting."

"I mean, you unnerstand what I'm asking? That we come out on top once?" Afraid to lose what he'd miraculously gained thus far, Pendennis mumbled "That's all."

Tiql gestured in dismissal. "Time ending. In spite of your never bothering the study of our tongue, we are fair to a scruple. The sop to Earthies may be expected publicly in a fortnight."

Though he was wincing at the cruel word, Pendennis still babbled outrageous thanks while leaving the chamber. What if the old blue jelly did despise him, despise his pleading? He'd still admitted Micans were scrupulously fair. What the hell did Pendennis care whether he got baited for not being humble enough to learn the tongue? He'd produced results, hadn't he? Beyond his dreams.

He poured out his success in a lengthy and costly cable to Hopsford, a cable written in a tone of braggodocio. He'd won. *Won.*

The Pendennis family, Jimmy and Bella and Morey, gathered around the solido on the evening of the second Undeef episode following the interview. Pendennis had rented an expensive image-copy unit so as to make a permanent recording of his success to ship back to Hopsford, who had already cabled news of a possible opening as Sector Director of Lobbyists for the First Group stars. Pending, naturally, Hopsford's review of the evidence of the Mican success.

Also in Pendennis' pocket was a communication from the Culture Ministry informing him in Earthie that Tiql had fulfilled his promise and transmitted Pendennis' requests intact to the scripter. With a tight, scratchy feeling of expectation, Pendennis dialled the solido up.

Came the twinkling scraps of

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color. The buzzing of the translator through the earpiece. "Next episode in continually drama. Heroes of Vegan Assembly, under the program name—" Pendennis smiled and made an effort to listen. He was constantly seduced away by dreams of new prosperity. Besides, the imagecopy hummed on the floor, clacked its relays, getting it all down.

This time the Earthies had been equipped with skins the shade of stale orange peelings. Aboard their space vessel they carried large vats of a Surian drinking liquid loaded with a crippling spinal virus they intended to introduce into the public reservoirs of a large city in the Second Group. Same old wild garbage, Pendennis thought. Stuff like that never happened. Well, practically never.

In the show's opening segments he saw no overt sign that his requests had been met. But he guessed the scripter had to set up the plot in the usual phony pattern; the scripter would come through by the end. Tiql had promised.

In addition to its usual collection of stereotyped assassins, the Earthie craft carried one officer who was abnormally vain. So vain that he posed and preened repeatedly in his new kneelength cloak while plans were hatched. At one point the lieutenant paused beside another Earthie with a torch. The latter was repairing a hasp on the ship's automatic ventral exit.

The lieutenant showed his back to the camera, asking his comrade how the cloak draped from that angle. The surly repairman revealed his Earthie coarseness and his contempt for officers by imitating the lieutenant's stance. The two stood abreast a moment, facing away from the lens, displaying their other sides.

Pendennis began to grow nervous. His palms itched. He found himself glancing unbidden at the locked liquor cabinet.

The plot twisted this way, that way. Another Earthie, ordered to stand watch after the vessel landed and the crew unbolted drums of virus fluid from the hold, had been planted early in the episode as being excessively frail, continually tired. At his watch station he grew so drowsy he had to sneak off to his bunk for a nap, plainly demonstrating to the Mican children viewing that no Earthie had the slightest concern for the welfare of anyone but himself. Pendennis was breathing hard, straining forward in his chair, suspicion dawning, an agony of suspicion.

Fast cut to the bunk where the malingerer slept.

A comrade shook him awake. Rude Earthie horseplay, offensive to genteel Micans. The sleeping Earthie declared that for the first time in the whole miserable trip,

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he felt swell, he felt tiptop, not the least bit beat.

Oh the bastard, thought Pendennis. The blue bastard. Fair to a scruple. Understanding *perfectly*. But making sure the scripter didn't, by giving him a translation of an alien interview, a translation made with scrupulous fairness, but intact, unexplicated, not allowing for those common confusions like calling a lobbyist an entry-haller—

A moisure congealed in Pendennis' eyes, making it impossible for him to see. *I shoulda learned it,* he thought, hitching across the floor, finding his legs refused to function, that he must crawl. *He hated me because I dint learn his lousy—ah, hell, hell. Open, open, damn thing—*

"Popper? Popper, what's wrong?"

Pendennis didn't hear. Morey fled to the bedroom to try to comfort the sobbing Bella. Try to tell her Popper was smashing at the liquor box like a madman. When Morey got courage enough to peer back in there, Popper was tilting a quart and the whole flat was awash with the smell of Earthie booze.

The solido clattered with the story's climax. The dereliction of the Earthie on watch gave the Undeefs the chance to surround the enemy craft. The Earthies tried to battle out through the ventral hatch. The Undeefs had it ringed. So with their rays, like desperate animals, the Earthies burned their way upward through layers of metal and insulation into the neat trap set for them, and died with the rays of other Undeefs sizzling them the second they cut through the hull and came out on top—backsides to the viewer.

A rocket took off from the port. The walls shook and Pendennis cried between mouthfuls.

ATOMIC REACTION

I fear the addition
Of nuclear fission
For running the home
  might alarm us.
If we're late with the bill,
The serviceman will
Come in and proceed
  to disarm us.

—Ron Webb

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Here is a moving and a beautiful story about a man who "walked beside the evening sea/and dreamed a dream that could not be," by England's J. G. Ballard. Also England's is the curious 17th Century prophet, Lodowicke Muggleton, who thought that Heaven was only six miles away, and wrote of "yesterday becoming his own tomorrow."

NOW WAKES THE SEA

by J. G. Ballard

AGAIN AT NIGHT MASON HEARD the sounds of the approaching sea, the muffled thunder of the long breakers rolling up the nearby streets. Roused from his sleep, he ran out into the moonlight, where the white-framed houses stood like sepulchres among the washed concrete courts. Two hundred yards away the waves plunged and boiled, sluicing in and out across the pavement. A million phosphorescent bubbles seethed through the picket fences, and the broken spray filled the air with the wine-sharp tang of brine.

Off-shore the deeper swells of the open sea surged across the roofs of the submerged houses, the white-caps cleft by the spurs of isolated chimneys. Leaping back as the cold foam stung his bare feet, Mason glanced uneasily at the house where his wife lay sleeping, estimating the sea's rate of progress. Each night it moved a few yards nearer, as the hissing black guillotine sliced across the empty lawns, rivetting the fences with staccato bolts of spray.

For half an hour Mason watched the waves vault among the roof-tops. The luminous surf cast a pale nimbus on the clouds racing overhead on the dark wind, and covered his hands with a vivid waxy sheen.

At last the waves began to recede, and the deep roaring bowl of illuminated water withdrew down the emptying streets, disgorging the lines of houses glistening in the moonlight. Mason ran forwards across the expiring bubbles, but the sea shrank away from him into the fading light, disappearing around the corners of the houses, sliding below the garage

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doors. He sprinted to the end of the road as a last fleeting glow was carried away across the sky beyond the spire of the church. Exhausted, Mason returned to his bed, the sound of the dying waves filling his head as he slept.

"I saw the sea again last night," he told his wife at breakfast.

Quietly, Miriam said: "Richard, the nearest sea is a thousand miles away." She watched her husband silently for a moment, her long pale fingers straying to the coil of black hair lying against her neck. "Go out into the drive and look. There's no sea."

"Darling, I *saw* it."

"Richard—!"

Mason stood up, with slow deliberation raised his palms. "Miriam, I felt the spray on my hands. The waves were breaking around my feet. I wasn't dreaming."

"You must have been." Miriam leaned against the door, as if trying to exclude the strange night-world of her husband which haunted the shadows in the bedroom. With her long raven hair framing her oval face, and the scarlet dressing gown open to reveal her slender neck and white breast, she reminded Mason of a Pre-Raphaelite heroine in an Arthurian pose. "Richard, you must see Dr. Clifton. It's beginning to frighten me."

Mason smiled, his eyes searching the distant roof-tops above the trees outside the window. "I shouldn't worry. What's happening is really very simple. At night I hear the sounds of a sea breaking down the streets, I go out and watch the waves in the moonlight, and then come back to bed." He paused, a faint flush of fatigue on his lean face. Tall and slimly built, Mason was still convalescing from the illness which had kept him at home for the previous six months. "It's curious, though," he resumed, "the water is remarkably luminous, and I should guess that its salinity is well above normal—"

"But Richard. . . ." Miriam looked around helplessly, her husband's calmness exhausting her. "The sea isn't *there,* it's only in your mind. No-one else can see it."

Mason nodded, hands lost in his pockets. "Perhaps no-one else has heard it yet."

Leaving the breakfast room, he went into his study. The couch on which he had slept during his illness still stood against the corner, his bookcase beside it. Mason sat down, taking a large fossil mollusc from a shelf. During the winter, when he had been confined to bed, the smooth trumpet-shaped conch, with its endless associations of ancient seas and drowned strands, had provided him with unlimited pleasure, a bottomless cornucopia of image and reverie. Cradling it reassuringly in his hands, as exquisite and ambiguous as a frag-

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ment of Greek sculpture found in a dry river-bed, he reflected that it seemed like a capsule of time, the condensation of another universe, and he could almost believe that the midnight sea which haunted his sleep had been released from the shell when he inadvertently scratched one of its helixes.

Miriam followed him into the room and briskly drew the curtains, as if aware that Mason was returning to the twilight world of his sick-bed and reading lamp. She took his shoulders in her hands.

"Richard, listen. Tonight, when you hear the waves, wake me and we'll go out together."

Gently, Mason disengaged himself. "Whether you see it or not is irrelevant, Miriam. The fact is that I see it."

Later, walking down the street, Mason reached the point where he had stood the previous night, watching the waves break and roll towards him. The sounds of placid domestic activity came from the houses he had seen submerged. The grass on the lawns was bleached by the July heat, and several sprays rotated in the bright sunlight, casting rainbows in the vivid air. Undisturbed since the rain-storms in the early spring, the long summer's dust lay between the palisades of the wooden fences and silted against the water hydrants.

The street, one of a dozen suburban boulevards on the perimeter of the town, ran north-west for some three hundred yards and then joined the open square of the neighbourhood shopping centre. Mason shielded his eyes and looked out at the clock tower of the library and the church spire, identifying the various protruberances which had projected from the steep swells of the open sea. All were in exactly the positions he remembered.

The road shelved slightly as it approached the shopping centre, and by a curious coincidence marked the margins of the beach which would have existed if the area had in fact been flooded. A mile or so from the town, this shallow ridge, which formed part of the rim of a large natural basin enclosing the alluvial plain below, culminated is a small chalk outcropping. Although it was partly hidden by the intervening houses, Mason now recognised it clearly as the promontory which had reared like a citadel above the sea. The deep swells had rolled against its flanks, sending up immense plumes of spray that fell back with almost hypnotic slowness upon the receding water. At night the promontory seemed larger and more gaunt, a huge uneroded bastion against the sea. One evening, Mason promised himself, he would go out to the promontory and let the waves

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wake him as he slept on the peak.

A car moved past slowly, the driver watching Mason curiously as he stood motionlessly in the middle of the pavement, head raised to the air. Not wishing to appear any more eccentric than he was already considered—the solitary, abstracted husband of the beautiful but childless Mrs. Mason (in addition he was honorary secretary of the local astronomical society, a notorious gathering of cranks and stargazers)—Mason turned into the avenue which ran along the ridge. As he approached the distant outcropping he glanced over the hedges for any signs of water-logged gardens or stranded cars. The houses here had been almost completely inundated by the flood water.

The first visions of the sea had come to Mason only three weeks earlier, but he was already convinced of its absolute validity. He recognised that after its nightly withdrawal the water failed to leave any mark on the hundreds of houses it submerged, and he felt no alarm for the people who should have been drowned and who were presumably, as he watched the luminous waves break across the roof-tops, sleeping undisturbed in the sea's immense liquid locker. Despite this paradox, it was his complete conviction of the sea's reality that had made him admit to Miriam that he had woken one night to the sound of waves outside the window and gone out to find the sea rolling across the neighbourhood streets and houses. At first she had merely smiled at him, accepting this illustration of his strange private world. Then, three nights later, she had woken to the sounds of him latching the door on his return, bewildered by his pumping chest and tense perspiring face, his eyes lit by an uncanny light.

From then on she spent all day looking over her shoulder through the window for any signs of the sea. What worried her as much as the vision itself was Mason's complete calm in the face of this terrifying unconscious apocalypse.

Tired by his walk, Mason sat down on a low ornamental wall, screened from the surrounding houses by the rhododendron bushes. For a few minutes he played with the dust at his feet, stirring the hard white grains with a branch. Although formless and passive, the dust shared something of the same evocative qualities of the fossil mollusc, radiating a curious compacted light.

In front of him, the road curved and dipped, the incline carrying it away onto the fields below. The chalk shoulder, covered by a mantle of green turf, rose into the clear sky. A metal shack had been erected on the slope, and a small group of figures moved about the

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entrance of a mine shaft, adjusting a wooden hoist. Wishing that he had brought his wife's car, Mason watched the diminutive figures disappear one by one into the shaft.

The image of this elusive pantomime remained with him all day in the library, overlaying his memories of the dark waves rolling across the midnight streets.

What sustained Mason in the face of this encroaching nightmare was his conviction that others would soon also become aware of the sea.

When he went to bed that night he found Miriam sitting fully dressed in the armchair by the window, her face composed into an expression of calm determination.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Waiting."

"For what?"

"The sea. Don't worry, simply ignore me and go to sleep. I don't mind sitting here with the light out."

"Miriam. . . ." Wearily, Mason took one of her slender hands and tried to draw her from the chair. "Darling, what on earth will this achieve?"

"Isn't it obvious?"

Mason sat down on the foot of the bed. For some reason, not wholly concerned with the wish to protect her, he wanted to keep his wife from the sea. "Miriam, don't you understand? I might not actually *see* it, in the literal sense. It might be . . ." he extemporised, ". . . an hallucination, or a dream."

Miriam shook her head, hands clasped on the arms of the chair. "I don't think it is. Anyway, I want to find out."

Mason lay back slowly on the bed. "I wonder whether you're approaching this the right way—"

Miriam sat forward. "Richard, you're taking it all so calmly, you accept this vision as if it were a strange headache. That's what frightens me. If you were really terrified by this sea I wouldn't worry, but. . ."

Half an hour later, after he had given up his attempt to dissuade Miriam from her vigil, he fell asleep in the darkened room, Miriam's slim face watching him from the shadows.

Waves murmured, outside the windows the distant swish of racing foam drew him from sleep, the deep muffled thunder of rollers and the sounds of deep water drummed at his ears. Mason climbed out of bed, and dressed quickly as the hiss of receding water sounded up the street. In the corner, under the glimmering light reflected from the distant foam, Miriam lay asleep in the armchair, a bar of moonlight across her throat.

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His bare feet soundless on the pavement, Mason ran towards the waves, stumbled across the wet glistening tideline as one of the breakers struck with a deep guttural roar. On his knees, Mason felt the cold brilliant water, seething with animalcula, spurt across his chest and shoulders, slacken and then withdraw, sucked like an immense gleaming floor into the mouth of the next breaker. His wet suit clinging to him like a drowned animal, Mason stared out across the dark sea. In the fleeting moonlight the white houses advancing into the water loomed like the palazzos of a spectral Venice, mausoleums on the causeways of some huge island necropolis. Only the church spire was still visible. The water rode in to its high tide, a further twenty yards down the street, the spray carried almost to the Masons' house.

Mason waited for an interval between two waves and then waded through the shallows to the avenue which wound towards the distant headland. By now the water had crossed the roadway, swilling over the dark lawns and slapping at the doorsteps.

Half a mile from the headland he heard the great surge and sigh of the deeper water. Out of breath, he leaned against a fence as the cold foam cut across his legs, pulling him with its undertow. Suddenly, illuminated by the racing clouds, he saw the tall pale figure of a woman standing above the sea on a stone parapet at the cliff's edge, her black robe lifting behind her in the wind, her long hair white in the moonlight. Far below her feet, the luminous waves leapt and vaulted like acrobats.

Mason ran along the pavement, momentarily losing sight of her as the road curved and the houses intervened. The water slackened, and he caught a last glimpse of the woman's ice-white profile through the opalescent spray. Turning, the tide began to ebb and fade, and with a last bubbling spasm the great sea shrank away between the emerging houses, draining the night of its light and motion.

As the last bubbles flickered and dissolved on the damp pavement, Mason searched the headland, but the strange numinous figure had gone. His damp clothes dried themselves as he walked back through the empty streets, a last tang of brine carried away off the hedges on the midnight air.

The next morning he told Miriam: "It *was* a dream, after all. I think the sea has gone now. Anyway, I saw nothing last night."

"Thank heavens, Richard. Are you sure?"

"I'm fairly certain." Mason smiled encouragingly. "Thanks for keeping watch over me."

"I'll sit up tonight as well."

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She held up her hand to silence his protests. "I insist. I feel all right after last night, and I want to drive this thing away, once and for all." She frowned intently over the coffee cups. "It's strange, but once or twice I think I heard the sea too. It sounded very old and blind, like something waking again after millions of years."

On his way to the library, Mason made a detour towards the chalk outcropping, and parked the car where he had seen the moonlit figure of the white-haired woman watching the sea. The sunlight fell on the pale turf, illuminating the mouth of the mine-shaft, around which the same desultory activity was taking place.

For the next fifteen minutes Mason drove slowly in and out of the tree-lined avenues, peering over the hedges at the kitchen windows. Almost certainly she would live in one of the nearby houses, probably still be wearing her black robe beneath a housecoat.

Later, at the library, he recognised a car he had seen on the headland. The driver, an elderly tweed-suited man of academic manner, was examining the display cases of local geological finds.

"Who was that?" he asked Fellowes, the keeper of antiquities, as the car drove off. I've seen him on the chalk cliffs."

"Professor Goodhart, one of the party of paleontologists. Apparently they've uncovered an interesting bone-bed." Fellowes gestured at the collection of femurs and jaw-bone fragments. "With luck we may get a few pieces from them."

Mason stared at the bones, aware of a sudden closing parallax within his mind.

Each night, as the sea emerged from the dark streets and the wave rolled further towards the Mason's home, he would wake beside his sleeping wife and go out into the surging air and wade through the deep water towards the headland. There he would see the white-haired woman on the cliff's edge, her high face raised above the roaring spray, a pale glimmering nimbus which rode like the moon among the fleeing clouds. But always he failed to reach her before the tide turned, and would kneel exhausted on the wet pavements as the last bubbles foamed and the drowned streets rose from the sinking waves.

Once a police patrol car found him in its headlights slumped against a gate-post in an open drive, and on another night he forgot to close the front door after himself when he returned. All through breakfast Miriam watched him with her old wariness, noticing the tell-tale shadows which encircled his eyes like manacles.

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"Richard, I think you should stop going to the library. You look worn out. It isn't that sea dream again?"

Mason shook his head, forcing a tired smile from his face. "No, that's finished with. Perhaps I've been over-working."

Miriam held his hands. "Did you fall over yesterday?" She examined Mason's palms. "Darling, they're still *raw!* You must have grazed them only a few minutes ago. Can't you remember even"?

Abstracted, Mason invented some tale to satisfy her, then carried his coffee into the study and stared at the morning haze which lay across the roof-tops, a soft lake of opacity that followed the same contours as the midnight sea. The mist dissolved in the sunlight, and for a moment the diminishing reality of the normal world reasserted itself, filling him with a poignant nostalgia.

Without thinking, he reached out to the fossil conch on the bookshelf, but involuntarily his hand withdrew before touching it.

Miriam stood beside him. "Hateful thing," she commented. "Tell me, Richard, what do you think caused your dream?"

Mason shrugged. "Perhaps it was a sort of memory . . ." His wife's cool, elegant face was watching him intently. He wondered whether to tell Miriam of the waves which he still heard in his sleep, and of the white-haired woman on the cliff's edge who seemed to beckon to him. But like all women Miriam believed that there was room for only one enigma in her husband's life. By an inversion of logic he felt that his dependence on his wife's private income, and the loss of self-respect, gave him the right to withhold something of himself from her.

"Richard, what's the matter?"

In his mind the spray opened like an immense diaphanous fan and the enchantress of the waves turned towards him with her burning eyes.

Waist-high, the sea pounded across the lawns in a seething whirlpool. Mason pulled off his jacket and flung it away into the water, and then waded out into the street. Higher than ever before, the waves had at last reached his house, breaking over the doorstep, but Mason had forgotten his wife. His whole attention was fixed upon the headland, which was lashed by a continuous storm of spray, almost obscuring the figure standing on its crest.

As Mason pressed on, sometimes sinking to his chin, shoals of luminous algae swarmed in the water around him, their brilliant phosphorescence stinging his legs, and his eyes smarted in the harsh saline air. He reached the lower slopes of the headland almost exhausted, and fell to his knees.

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High above, he could hear the spray singing as it cut through the coigns of the cliff's edge, the deep base of the breakers overlayed by the high treble of the keening air, entwining itself through the long white strands of the woman's hair like the chords of a harp.

Carried by the music, Mason climbed the flank of the headland, a thousand reflections of the moon dancing in the breaking sea. As he reached the crest, the fluttering of the long black robe hid the woman's face, but he could see her tall erect carriage and slender hips. Suddenly, without any apparent motion of her limbs, she moved away along the parapet.

"Wait!"

His shout was lost on the surging air. Mason ran forwards, and the figure turned and stared back at him. Her white hair swirled around her face like a spume of silver steam and then parted to reveal an angular skull-like face with empty eyes and notched mouth. A hand, like a bundle of white sticks, clawed towards him, and the figure loomed through the whirling darkness like a gigantic bird.

Unaware whether the scream came from his own mouth or from this spectre, Mason stumbled back, before he could catch himself tripped over a wooden railing and in a cackle of chains and pulleys fell backwards into the shaft, the sounds of the sea booming above him in its hurtling darkness.

After listening intently to the policeman's description, Professor Goodhart shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, sergeant. We've been working on the bed all week, no-one's fallen down the shaft." One of the flimsy wooden rails was swinging loosely in the crisp air. "But thank you for warning me. I suppose we must build a heavier railing, if this fellow is wandering around in his sleep."

"I don't think he'll bother to come up here," the sergeant said. "It's quite a climb." As an afterthought he added: "Down at the library where he works they said you'd found a couple of skeletons in the shaft yesterday. I know it's only two days since he disappeared, but one of them couldn't possibly be his?" The sergeant shrugged. "If there was some natural acid, say . . ."

"Ingenious, sergeant, but I'm sorry to disappoint you." Professor Goodhart drove his heel into the chalky turf. "Pure calcium carbonate, about a mile thick, laid down during the Triassic Period 200 million years ago when there was a large inland sea here. The skeletons we found yesterday, a man's and a woman's, belong to two Cro-Magnon fisher people who lived on the shore just before it dried up. I wish I could oblige you with a *corpus delicti*, though

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it's quite a problem to understand how these Cro-Magnon relics found their way into the bone-bed. This shaft wasn't sunk until about thirty years ago." He smiled at the policeman. "Still, that's my problem, not your's."

Returning to the police car, the sergeant shook his head. "Nothing." As they drove off he looked out at the endless stretch of placid suburban homes.

"Apparently there was an ancient sea here once. A million years ago. Who would believe it? He picked a crumpled flannel jacket off the back seat. "That reminds me," he said, sniffing at the fabric. "I know what this coat of Mason's smells of—brine."

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Herewith another *story by the author of "Eril, Ethel, Maude, Zelda, Kitty, Tulip and Vanessa and the Leprechaun," godhelpus (rejected). He says it represents his reaction to stories beginning, "Zlat was the best novaship pilot in the 81 galaxies." It is funny.*

WATCH THE BUG-EYED MONSTER

by Don White

ZLAT WAS THE BEST NOVASHIP pilot in the 81 galaxies. He could tweet and woof his way through the high fidelity of outer space in a parsec flat.

He drank.

Drink, as such, was an unknown commodity on Aldebaran III Z. Zlat and every other pseudopodian on the pale pink planet lacked anything to get drunk with —no stomach, no actually organic brain . . . not a kidney amongst them. Let's face it, the people of Aldebaran III Z are eyeballs on legs.

They were a happy enough community. An eyeball on legs can look pretty good to another eyeball on legs. Although on intergalactic trips, Aldebaran III Z-ians wore metallic casings or shells, a sort of lead-shielded contact lens, in order not to frighten too many inhabitants of friendly trading stars (though they were usually hideous, too).

Zlat wasn't so much a drunkard as a dunkard. It was an accident. Making a tricky touch down on the soundwave shores of green-sanded Andromeda, he had almost collided with a millenial comet. He had let the ship down badly—dunking it, and himself into the sea.

Zlat lay there, clinging onto the plasto-rung of his novaship, blaspheming, as waves of fresh water washed over him. Then he stopped blaspheming and started giggling and became bloodshot all over. His legs tried to run in every direction at once.

The Andromedan trade manager rescued him, and despite his

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meagre knowledge of the Aldebaran III Z language, he knew that the national anthem Zlat was singing was not the version sung at the intergalactic Olympics.

Zlat was right as rain—no!—I mean, back to 20/20 vision after a day at the Zelda City Inorganicising Center.

But, poor Zlat. The damage was done. On the very next visit to Andromeda, he threw out his metallic casing contact-lens-like suit and got the Zelda City Cleanliness-is-next-to-Galactic-Supremacy Committee to install a shower in his nova ship.

It was quite an occasion. Zlat was the Committee's first non-Andromedan convert to their campaign (not counting Andromedan Lunes).

When the last hurrah had died away, and the robots had cleared away the very last ticker tape Zlat threw out the Committee's tank of acidual-optrex ("clean body, clean mind!") and surreptitiously refilled it with fresh water, from the crystal Andromedan sea.

And so, by stabilising between tweet and woof, he could soak for an hour or two under the influence—of a cold shower.

Giggling, and just a little bloodshot, he would hi-fi back into base—late—making sure his novaship was sealed. He even insisted on servicing the vessel himself—to hide his guilty secret.

It was on Zlat's third visit to Strawberry Hills in the Horsehead Nebula that his addiction to the shower overcame his normally 200% novaship drive reflexes. In the middle of an apparently normal thrust, he woofed when he ought to have tweeted, came out of the wrap anti-gravitationally, materialising in the back bar of the "Rex" in Sydney, Australia, where it was Saturday night.

Zlat climbed out of his polythene novaship and lay bloodshot and snuffling on a bar-stool.

He was lucky.

He had materialised in the one place in the world, at the one time in the world where bloodshot eyeballs on legs are accepted as a matter of course.

Beside Zlat sat a sad-faced young man with long blonde hair with short black roots. He was drinking Pink Ladies. Lots of Pink Ladies.

The sad-faced young man looked down at the giggling Zlat, wiped two dripping tears from his eyes (smudging his mascara in the process), and said: "Hello, darls, Have a Pink Lady."

Zlat giggled, and hiccoughed. "Earthman, know that I am Zlat, of Aldebaran III Z, licensed citizen and holder of the belt of the Ding of Dong."

"Oh, you camp thing!" giggled the pale young man. "Well, I'm Vernon Veil, but all my friends call me Valerie." He stifled a sob. "Are you my friend?"

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"I am friend of no earthman," Zlat replied, erupting into another fit of the giggles. "Know that I am the best novaship pilot in the 81 galaxies."

"That must be nice," said Vernon-Valerie. "I'm a female impersonator at the 'Tabou'. And, oh, Zlat. I'm so unhappy." And he began to weep.

Zlat's membraneous adhesions went out to Valerie-Vernon with sympathy. In no time at all, they were the best of friends, Valerie drowning his-her sorrows in Pink Ladies, pausing between sips to scatter drops of ice-cold fresh water on the shivering-with-anticipation eyeball with legs that was Zlat.

Valerie went on with his life story: ". . . and that was the end of Duncan, though I still wonder if he'll ever come back, if only for his bell-bottoms and his Japanese camera. But then . . . then I met Desmond," he sighed. "But, Zlat, he's just like all the others. He doesn't understand me. Why, I even have reason to believe that tonight," he broke down long enough to swallow a Pink Lady whole and scatter more water on the almost delirious-with-joy Zlat, "tonight he may be out with a . . . a WOMAN!"

"No!" said Zlat.

"Yes!" sighed Valerie-Vernon. "Do you have troubles like this where you come from?"

"Unthinkable! Aldebaran III Z-ians are pretersexual. At progenising time I fertilise myself."

"Oh, you naughty thing," squealed Vernon.

"Tell you a secret," hiccoughed Zlat, confidentially. "You won't have any more troubles after November 15th, 1963. That's the date we're goin' invade Earth. Take over completely!"

Zlat and Valerie giggled together over this.

"Anyway, mus' be going," said Zlat. "Cargo of quick-freeze Zygote juice to deliver. Nice knowin' you, friend."

"I'd come with you, Zlat, get away from it all, etcetera," said the pale young man. "But the world tour of 'Nonentities of 1961' starts 'n a fortnight. Anyway," he giggled, "don't think I'd be very good at fertilising myself."

Two and a half parsecs later, Zlat was under armed guard in the seldom-used truth cell at military headquarters in Qwertyuiop, the capital.

Truth-commander Queeg strode irritably about the cell, clicking his toe-knuckles. "Best kept secret of the military millenium," Queeg was saying, "and you spill your inorganic guts to a pansy at an Australian swill party."

"Leige one," said Zlat, bloodshot only in the right retina, and using the most flattering commander-title he could remember from his school-machine days. "Leige one, this Valerie-Vernon

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will not remember our conversation. He was drinking an earth-beverage called Pink Ladies, a form of alcoholic drug made to dull the senses, to invite forgetfulness. And, Leige one, if he did tell, he would not be believed."

"Oh, eyeballs!" snapped Queeg. "Not by earth's stupid ones, of course not. But his story would receive great newspaper communication publicity across the planet, and one or two who do suspect, would read it and would KNOW. No, Zlat, this Vernon-Valerie is dangerous to Aldebaran III Z. He must be found, and removed. He-she-it is a menace to our plans for a mighty future."

In the Qwertyuiop citadel that night, representatives of the military and the citizenry of Aldebaran III Z watched the tape of Zlat's experiences at the back bar of the 'Rex', drawn from Zlat's drugged corneal-memory chambers.

Frame-seconds of Valerie-Vernon were stabilised and stored for future reference, the conversation recorded.

"This world tour he talks of," said Queeg urgently, "means that our plan of capture must encompass the entire planet."

One other important point emerged from the colour-taped memory searcher.

Valerie-Vernon had his photograph taken regularly every week. Without fail. Not for the sake of vanity, goodness me, no. But sometimes the mirror lied "and an artiste (to quote the recorded conversation) must know that she looks her best".

It was Zlat who saved the day, the least he could do after the mess he'd got everybody into.

"You know," he mused, soberly. "The lead-shield contact lens suits we trader pilots wear on distant stars, are not unlike a machine on earth called the Photomat. A sign outside this machine says 'Four Smiling Snaps—4/—.' The earthman enters the machine, draws a curtain, presses a button, and a concealed eye permanently records the earthman's likeness, in four different poses. If Valerie-Vernon is photographed every week, the law of averages rules that he MUST at one time or another, use a Photomat machine."

Slageep of the Intelligence Bureau took it from there. "1,000 of our best private eyeballs disguised as Smiling Snap machines positioned at Sydney, Brisbane, Thursday Island, Singapore . . . and don't forget Madame Arthur's Club in Paris . . . everywhere on earth where Vernon-Valerie might wish to be photographed."

"They could be stationed at Zero Twenty parsecs," Queeg said excitedly, cracking his toe-knuckles. "When Vernon-Valerie steps inside . . . instant recognition, pre-set contra-signal, and all private eyeballs return."

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"And a good time to do field reconnaissance," put in Slageep, "some of the recent tele-recon films aren't the best."

Operation Smiling Snaps was put to the motion, seconded, thirded, the national anthem was sung. The proper version. Zlat was allowed to go free, but stripped of his belt of the Ding of Dong.

"By the way," said Queeg, out of the side of his iris, "any of that . . ." he looked to left and right ". . . that fresh water left?"

Everybody remembers the seeming sudden glut of Smiling Snap machines. They were everywhere, all at once.

The very urgency of Operation Smiling Snaps meant that a number of Slageep's private eyeballs received the briefest of briefings, as a result of which quite a few photo-conscious earthlings were removed feebly from Photomats to Mental Hospitals.

(". . . don't disturb yourself, Miss Stedman . . . now, what did the eyeball on legs do next? . . .)

Australians thought it a lark when Smiling Snaps turned out Xrays, in four different poses.

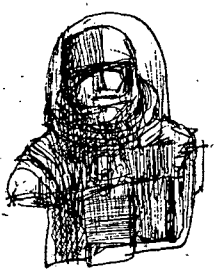
Citizens of Philadelphia, Osaka and Glasgow still prize their tridimensional colour photos.

For a week in Boston, one Smiling Snap eyeball only issued pictures of the subject's thoughts . . . and then it was banned.

Suddenly, Smiling Snap machines weren't everywhere after all, but back to normal . . . you know, the ones in Woolworths where you can't get your money back if they go wrong, and so on.

I believe they're treating Vernon very well. Zlat adopted him into his own household where he's preparing a monogram called 'Self-Fertilising can be Fun.' Of course, it can't be published until after the Aldebaranian occupation of Earth.

Bet it'll be a best-seller.



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It is appropriate that this Magazine, which has often occupied itself with fictional speculations concerning humanoids (future variety), should also devote space and attention to humanoids (extinct variety). Extinct, so far as we know, at any rate. Karen Anderson, whose burgeoning talents gave us a previously unsuspected insight into the sphinx situation (LANDSCAPE WITH SPHINXES, F&SF, Nov. 1962), returns here and now with a cunningly wrought relation about centaurs.

TREATY IN TARTESSOS

by Karen Anderson

IRATZABAL'S HOOFS WERE SHOD with bronze, as befitted a high chief, and heavy gold pins held the coils of bright sorrel hair on top of his head. In this morning's battle, of course, he had used wooden pins which were less likely to slip out. As tonight was a ceremonial occasion, he wore a coat of aurochs hide dyed blue with woad, buttoned and cinched with hammered gold.

He waved his spear high to show the green branches bound to its head as he entered the humans' camp. No one spoke, but a guard grunted around a mouthful of barley-cake and jerked his thumb toward the commander's tent.

Standing in his tent door, Kynthides eyed the centaur with disfavor, from his unbarbered hair to the particularly clumsy bandage on his off fetlock. He straightened self-consciously in his sea-purple cloak and pipeclayed linen tunic.

"Greetings, most noble Iratzabal," he said, bowing. "Will you enter my tent?"

The centaur returned the bow awkwardly. "Glad to, most noble Kynthides." he said. As he went in the man realized with a little surprise that the centaur emissary was only a couple of fingers' breadth taller than himself.

It was darker inside the tent than out, despite the luxury of three lamps burning at once. "I hope you've dined well? May I of-

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fer you anything?" Kynthides asked politely, with considerable misgivings. The centaur probably wouldn't know what to do with a barley loaf, and as for wine—well, there wasn't a drop within five miles of camp. Or there had better not be.

"That's decent of you, but I'm full up," said Iratzabal. "The boys found a couple of dead . . . uh, buffalo, after the battle, and we had a fine barbecue."

Kynthides winced. Another yoke of draft oxen gone! Well, Corn Mother willing, the war would be settled soon. It might even be tonight. "Won't you, er . . . Sit? Lie down? Er, make yourself comfortable."

Iratzabal lowered himself to the ground with his feet under him, and Kynthides sank gratefully into a leather-backed chair. He had been afraid the discussion would be conducted standing up.

"I got to admit you gave us a good fight today, for all you're such lightweights," the centaur said. "You generally do. If we don't get things settled somehow, we could go on like this till we've wiped each other out."

"We realize that too," said the man. "I've been asked by the heads of every village in Tartessos, not to mention communities all the way back to Thrace, to make some reasonable settlement with you. Can you speak for centaurs in those areas?"

"More or less." He swished his tail across the bandaged fetlock, and flies scattered. "I run most of the territory from here up through Goikokoa Etchea—what men call Pyrene's Mountains—and across to the Inland Sea. Half a dozen tribes besides mine hunt through here, but they stand aside for *us*. We could lick any two of them with our eyes shut. Now, you take an outfit like the Acroceraunians—I don't run them, but they've heard of me, and I can tell them to knuckle under or face my boys *and* yours. But that shouldn't be necessary. I'm going to get them a good cut."

"Well, remember that if the communities don't like promises I make in their names, they won't honor them," said the man. He slid his fingers through the combed curls of his dark-brown beard and wished he could ignore the centaur's odor. The fellow smelled like a saddle-blanket. If he didn't want to wash, he could at least use perfume. "First, we ought to consider the reasons for this war, and after that ways to settle the dispute."

"The way I see it," the centaur began, "is, you folks want to pin down the corners of a piece of country and sit on it. We don't understand ground belonging to somebody."

"It *began*," Kynthides said stiffly, "with that riot at the wedding."

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"That was just what set things off," said Iratzabal. "There'd been a lot of small trouble before then. I remember how I was running down a four-pointer through an oak wood one rainy day, with my nose full of the way things smell when they're wet and my mind on haunch of venison. The next thing I knew I was in a clearing planted with one of those eating grasses, twenty pounds of mud on each hoof and a pack of tame wolves worrying my hocks. I had to kill two or three of them before I got away, and by then there were men throwing spears and shouting 'Out! Out!' in what they thought was Eskuara."

"We have to keep watchdogs and arm the field hands, or we wouldn't have a stalk of grain standing at harvest time!"

"Take it easy. I was just telling you, the war isn't over a little thing like some drunks breaking up a wedding. Nor they wouldn't have, if the wine hadn't been where they could get at it. There's blame on both sides."

The man half rose at this, but caught himself. The idea was to stop the war, not set it off afresh. "At any rate, it seems we can't get along with each other. Men and centaurs don't mix well."

"We look at things different ways, said Iratzabal. "You see a piece of open country, and all you can think of is planting a crop on it. We think of deer grazing it, or rabbit and pheasant nesting. Field-planting ruins the game in a district."

"Can't you hunt away from farm districts?" asked Kynthides. "We have our families to support, little babies and old people. There are too many of us to let the crops go and live by hunting, even if there were as much game as the land could support."

"Where can we hunt?" shrugged the centaur. "Whenever we come through one of our regular districts, we find more valleys under plow than last time, more trees cut and the fields higher up the slope. Even in Goikokoa Etchea, what's as much my tribe's home as a place can be, little fields are showing up." A swirl of lamp smoke veered toward him, and he sniffed it contemptuously. "Sheep fat! The herds I find aren't deer any more, they're sheep, with a boy pi-pipping away on a whistle—and dogs again."

"If you'd pick out your territory and stay on it, then no farmers would come in," said Kynthides. "It's contrary to our nature to leave land unused because somebody plans to hunt through it next autumn."

"But, big as Goikokoa Etchea is, it won't begin to feed us year round! We've got to have ten times as much, a hundred times if you're talking of Scythia and Illyria and all."

"I live in Thessaly myself,"

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Kynthides pointed out. "I have to think of Illyria. What we men really want is to see all you centaurs completely out of Europe, resettled in Asia or the like. Couldn't you all move out of Sarmatia and the lands to the east? Nobody lives there. It's all empty steppes."

"Sarmatia! Maybe it looks empty to a farmer, but I've heard from the boys in Scythia. The place is filling up with Achaians, six feet tall, each with twenty horses big enough to eat either one of us for breakfast, and they can ride those horses all night and fight all day. By Jainco, I'm keeping away from them."

"Well, there's hardly anybody in Africa. Why don't you go there?" the man suggested.

"If there was any way of us all getting there—"

"Certainly there is! We have ships. It would take a couple of years to send you all, but—"

"*If* we could get there, we wouldn't like it at all. That's no kind of country for a centaur. Hot, dry, game few and far between—no thanks. But you're willing to ship us all to some other place?"

"Any place! That is, within reason. Name it."

"Just before war broke out in earnest, I got chummy with a lad who'd been on one of those exploring voyages you folks go in for. He said he'd been to a place that was full of game of all kinds, and even had the right kind of toadstools."

"Toadstools?" To make poison with?" cried Kynthides, his hand twitching toward the neatly bandaged spear-jab on his side.

"*Poison!*" Iratzabal ducked his head and laughed into his heavy sorrel beard. "That's a good one, poison from toadstools! No, to eat. Get a glow on at the Moon Dances—same way you people do with wine. Though I can't see why you use stuff that leaves you so sick the next day."

"Once you've learned your capacity, you needn't have a hangover," Kynthides said with a feeling of superiority. "But this place you're talking of—"

"Well, my pal said it wasn't much use to men, but centaurs would like it. Lots of mountains, all full of little tilted meadows, but no flat country to speak of. Not good to plow up and sow with barley or what-not. Why not turn that over to us, since you can't send any big colonies there anyway?"

"Wait a minute. Are you talking about Kypros' last expedition?"

"That's the one my pal sailed under," nodded Iratzabal.

"No, by the Corn Mother! How can I turn that place over to you? We've barely had a look at it ourselves! There may be tin and amber to rival Thule, or pearls, or sea-purple. We have simply no

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idea of what we'd be giving you."

"And there may be no riches at all. Did this guy Kypros say he'd seen any tin or pearls? If he did, he didn't tell a soul of his crew. And I'm telling you, if we don't go there we don't go anyplace. I can start the war again with two words."

The man sprang to his feet, white-lipped. "Then start the war again! We may not have been winning, but by the Mother, we weren't losing!"

Iratzabal heaved himself upright. "You can hold out as long as we give you pitched battles. But wait till we turn to raiding! You'll have fields trampled every night, and snipers chipping at you every day. You won't dare go within bowshot of the woods. We'll chivy your herds through your drops till they've *run* all *their* fat off and there's not a blade still standing. And you'll get no harvest in, above what you grab off the stem and eat running. How are the granaries, Kynthides? Will there be any seed corn left by spring?"

The man dropped into his chair and took his head in trembling hands. "You've got us where we hurt. We can't survive that kind of warfare. But how can I promise land that isn't mine? It belongs to Kypros' backers, if anyone."

"Pay them off in the grain that won't be spoiled. Fix up the details any way it suits you. I'm not trying to make it hard on you—we can kick through with a reasonable number of pelts and such to even the bargain."

He looked up. "All right, Iratzabal," he said wearily. "You can *have* Atlantis."

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BOOKS

R IS FOR ROCKET, Ray Bradbury, Doubleday, $2.95

Seventeen of Bradbury's better SF stories are here in this new volume. Its trouble is that there are so few *new* Bradbury SF stories in any collection of his (this one has a few new to book covers, anyway)—the chief virtue is that they are *Bradbury* stories.

> And, as they stood, from a distance they heard a roar. And the monster came out of the rain.
>
> The monster was supported upon a thousand electric blue legs. It walked swiftly and terribly. It struck down a leg with a driving blow. Everywhere a leg struck a tree fell and burned. Great whiffs of ozone filled the rainy air, and smoke blew away and was broken up by the rain. The monster was a half mile wide and a mile high and it felt of the ground like a great blind thing. Sometimes, for a moment, it had no legs at all. And then, in an instant, a thousand whips would fall out of its belly, white-blue whips, to sting the jungle.
>
> "There's the electric storm," said one of the men.

Or, you take for instance, this:

> It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the great snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran . . .

But I must resist. And I shall mention only one story, *The Rocket Man*, not because it is necessarily the best, but because I'd somehow missed it before and it hit me a

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blow just when I thought it was only an excellent exercise in what I might call "adumbrated nostalgia." The wife and son of the rocket man see him seldom, of course. His son lives chiefly for those few days, but his wife has already learned to count him dead, shunning already in her mind whatever planet it may be that he will die upon—prepared, as she prepares her son, never to look again on Mars. Or Venus. Or Jupiter or Saturn or Neptune. But he isn't killed by any of them, not by any star to be avoided by looking elsewhere in the sky. His ship, you see, falls into the sun. "And the sun was big and fiery and merciless, and it was always in the sky and you couldn't get away from it."

Bradbury not only knows how things had to be, he knows how they will have to be. And so, however familiar his past output and however small his current output, he fills the sky and you cannot get away from him.

The cover, by the way, is by Joe Mugnaini, who has thrice received a Library of Congress award—I would say, for just cause.

CAREERS IN ASTRONAUTICS AND ROCKETRY, C. C. Adams and Wernher Von Braun, McGraw-Hill, $6.95

In the title story of the new Ray Bradbury collection, *R Is For Rocket*, "a helicopter the color of the sky" lands on the lawn of a fifteen-year old boy, and a man steps out wearing "As simple and perfect a uniform as could be made, but with all the muscled power of a universe behind it." And Chris at that moment knows he has been tapped by the Astronaut Board . . . It doesn't happen that way—not yet. But the existence of the Adams-Von Braun book is evidence (if more were needed) that we are on our way. The book has 243 pages, none of them fluff, comprising eight sections: The Evolution of Astronautics and Rocketry, Astronautics and the Natural Sciences, Astronautics and the Engineering Disciplines, Training For Astronautical Careers, Careers in Industry, Careers in Research Institutes and Universities, Careers in the Civil Service and Military Astronautics, Astronautics and the Future. There is an appendix of Professional Astronautical, Rocket, and Related Societies; and one of Additional Sources of Career Information—including a list of 22 of "the most important commercially produced magazines regularly diffusing astronautical information" (including, for Heaven's sake, *Space Business Daily*!). I had expected this whole approach all along, but its arrival still finds me slightly dumbfounded. If I have not been fired for senility and incompetence I may yet be getting mail addressed to The Magazine from

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Mars by some currently young person who was boosted on his way thither by reading this review. The sun is in your right hand and the moon is in your left. Godspeed.

PODKAYNE OF MARS, Robert Heinlein, Putnam, $3.50

Writing in The Magazine just one decade ago, Anthony Boucher, reviewing the prior year in books, said: "The chief new phenomenon of science fiction publishing in 1952 has been the development of the novel deliberately designed for the teen-age trade. For some years Robert A. Heinlein has been working alone in this field; but in recent months . . . novels have appeared by other authors. ¶ Since so many teen-agers read nominally adult science fiction, one may wonder what need there is for special teen-age books. The best of these answer that question: they differ from adult novels only in that their basic assumptions are a trifle simpler, for the benefit of those who have not been reading science fiction steadily for twenty years, and that the hero is himself a teen-age boy, for easier reader-identification with the protagonist's problems. (We'll venture the guess that there's a good market waiting, too, for the first author who makes his protagonist a teen-age girl.)"

Ten years have passed, during which I have not, admittedly, kept tabs on the teen-age market, but so far as I know this "first author" has now produced the predicted book. He is, of course, Robert A. Heinlein, and the protagonist is Podkayne Fries. As far as I am concerned the book is a juvenile—but it is a Heinlein juvenile. That does not make it a space age *Huckleberry Finn,* of course. I have the temerity ("courage" would be my own choice of words) to admit that I didn't finish the book. Until I was half-way through I kept hoping that the author's very authentic-sounding version of a Mars-born teen-age girl's adventures was but the prelude to . . . something. Then hope died. It was evidently only the prelude to a Mars-born teen-age girl's further adventures. There is, you see, a certain problem of reader-identification. If this book will bring young girls to read SF, hurray. But your middle-aged, fatherly editor, though he concedes the author's dexterity, is simply incapable of identifying with a space-kitten who uses expletives like "Dirty ears! Hangnails! Snel-frockey! *Spit!* and *Dandruff!*" and what's more, he ain't going to try. Not any more than he has, anyway. Snel-frockey, indeed.

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO, Darrel T. Langart, Doubleday, $3.50

Darrel T. Langart seems to have made a start at becoming the B. Traven of Science Fiction. Who

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he really is, nobody knows (or admits to knowing), except his agent—who will say only that Langart lives in St. Louis. The fact that this is the only city which the book, set centuries in the future, mentions in 20th century terms, lends color to the claim—which is in any event irrelevant. What *is* relevant is that ANYTHING YOU CAN DO is that comparative rarity, a well-written, absorbing, plausible SF adventure story which neither insults the intelligence nor makes demands upon it. It is a two-tined fork—one is the matter of getting through to a hostile and highly intelligent alien, the Nipe, who, hidden here on Earth, is both deadly dangerous and in possession of knowledge invaluable to humanity. The other is the question of the physical and psychical relation between identical (human) twins. The always challenging matter of depicting non-human attitudes and thoughts, Langart handles rather well.

> . . . a name. Colonel Walther Mannheim. The meaning of the verbal symbolism was unknown to the [Nipe]. The patterns of the symbolism were even more evasive than the language itself. "Colonel" seemed simple enough. It indicated a certain sociomilitary class that was rigidly defined in one way and very hazy in another. But the meanings and relationships of both "Walther" and "Mannheim" were beyond him. What difference, for instance, between a "Walther" and a "William?" Did a "Mannheim" outrank a "Mandeville," or the other way around? What functions differentiated a "John Smith" from a "Peter Taylor?" He knew what a "john" was and what a "smith" was, but "John Smith" was not, apparently, necessarily associated with sanitary plumbing.

Besides its interesting and logical construction and reconstruction of the history and mores of the Nipe race, the book has lots of zam-bang action. On the con side, it indicates little or no social change in terrestrial society centuries from now, except the one of ethnic name conjunction ("Wang Kulichenko"), by now a standard SF ploy. Patricia Saville's striking jacket design shows that Doubleday *can* turn out good covers. I'd begun to wonder. And I enjoyed the book.

—Avram Davidson

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The alchemists, gentlemen and scholars to a man (. . . well . . . almost to a man. There was *the case of that cad, Dr. Dee. However,* de mortuis nil desperandum.)*—the alchemists referred to the Relation between the Moon and the Sun, as well as that between silver and gold, as* The Fair White Maiden Wedded to the Ruddy Man. *Isn't that beautiful? However, the alchemists don't seem to be writing like they used to, so,* faux de mieux, *here is our very own Dr. A. once more, who does manage to bring up one or two interesting points, once you get past all those numbers.*

JUST MOONING AROUND

by Isaac Asimov

ALMOST EVERY BOOK ON ASTRONOMY I HAVE EVER SEEN, LARGE or small, contains a little table of the Solar system. For each planet, there's given its diameter, its distance from the sun, its time of rotation, its albedo, its density, the number of its moons and so on.

Since I am morbidly fascinated by numbers, I jump on such tables with the perennial hope of finding new items of information. Occasionally, I am rewarded with such things as surface temperature or orbital velocity, but I never really get enough.

So every once in a while, when the ingenuity-circuits in my brain are purring along with reasonable smoothness, I deduce new types of data for myself out of the material on hand, and while away some idle hours. (At least I did this in the days when I had idle hours.)

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I can still do it, however, provided I put the results into an article; so come join me and we will just moon around together in this fashion, and see what turns up.

Let's begin this way, for instance—

According to Newton, every object in the universe attracts every other object in the universe with a force (f) that is proportional to the product of the masses (m_1 and m_2) of the two objects divided by the square of the distance (d) between them, center to center. We multiply by the gravitational constant (g) to convert the proportionality to an equality, and we have:

$$f = \frac{gm_1m_2}{d^2} \qquad \text{(equation 1)}$$

This means, for instance, that there is an attraction between the Earth and the Sun, and also between the Earth and the Moon, and between the Earth and each of the various planets and, for that matter, between the Earth and any meteorite or piece of cosmic dust in the heavens.

Fortunately, the Sun is so overwhelmingly massive compared with everything else in the Solar system, that in calculating the orbit of the Earth, or of any other planet, an excellent first approximation is attained if only the planet and the Sun are considered, as though they were alone in the Universe. The effect of other bodies can be calculated later for relatively minor refinements.

In the same way, the orbit of a satellite can be worked out first by supposing that it is alone in the Universe with its primary.

It is at this point that something interests me. If the Sun is so much more massive than any planet, shouldn't it exert a considerable attraction on the satellite even though it is at a much greater distance from that satellite than the primary is. If so, just how considerable is "considerable."

To put it another way, suppose we picture a tug of war going on for each satellite, with its planet on one side of the gravitational rope and the Sun on the other. In this tug of war, how well is the Sun doing?

I suppose astronomers have calculated such things, but I have never seen the results reported in any astronomy text, or the subject even discussed, so I'll do it for myself.

Here's how we can go about it. Let us call the mass of a satellite, m, the mass of its primary (by which, by the way, I mean the planet it circles), m_p and the mass of the Sun m_s. The distance from the

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satellite to its primary will be d_p and the distance from the satellite to the Sun will be d_s. The gravitational force between the satellite and its primary would be f_p and that between the satellite and the Sun would be f_s—and that's the whole business. I promise to use no other symbols in this article.

From equation 1, we can say that the force of attraction between a satellite and its primary would be:

$$f_p = \frac{gmm_p}{d_p^2} \qquad \text{(equation 2)}$$

while that between the same satellite and the Sun would be:

$$f_s = \frac{gmm_s}{d_s^2} \qquad \text{(equation 3)}$$

What we are interested in is how the gravitational force between satellite and primary compares with that between satellite and Sun. In other words we want the ratio f_p/f_s, which we can call the "tug-of-war value." To get that we must divide equation 2 by equation 3. The result of such a division would be:

$$f_p/f_s = (m_p/m_s)(d_s/d_p)^2 \qquad \text{(equation 4)}$$

In making the division, a number of simplifications have taken place. For one thing the gravitational constant has dropped out, which means we won't have to bother with an inconveniently small number and some inconvenient units. For another, the mass of the satellite has dropped out. (In other words, in obtaining the tug-of-war value, it doesn't matter how big or little a particular satellite is. The result would be the same in any case.)

What we need for the tug of war value (f_p/f_s), is the ratio of the mass of the planet to that of the sun (m_p/m_s) and the square of the ratio of the distance from satellite to Sun to the distance from satellite to primary $(d_s/d_p)^2$.

There are only six planets that have satellites and these, in order of decreasing order of distance from the Sun are: Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Mars and Earth. (I place Earth at the end, instead of at the beginning as natural chauvinism would dictate, for my own reasons. You'll find out.)

For these, we will first calculate the mass-ratio and the results turn out as follows:

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Neptune	0.000052
Uranus	0.000044
Saturn	0.00028
Jupiter	0.00095
Mars	0.00000033
Earth	0.0000030

As you see, the mass ratio is really heavily in favor of the Sun. Even Jupiter, which is by far the most massive planet, is not quite one-thousandth as massive as the Sun. In fact, all the planets together (plus satellites, planetoids, comets and meteoric matter) make up no more than 1/750 of the mass of the Sun.

So far, then, the tug of war is all on the side of the Sun.

However, we must next get the distance ratio and that favors the planet heavily, for each satellite is, of course, far closer to its primary than it is to the Sun. And what's more, this favorable (for the planet) ratio must be squared, making it even more favorable, so that in the end we can be reasonably sure that the Sun will lose out in the tug of war. But we'll check, anyway.

Let's take Neptune, first. It has two satellites, Triton and Nereid. The average distance of each of these from the Sun is, of necessity, precisely the same as the average distance of Neptune from the Sun, which is 2,797,000,000 miles. The average distance of Triton from Neptune is, however, only 220,000 miles, while the average distance of Nereid from Neptune is 3,460,000 miles.

If we divide the distance from the Sun by the distance from Neptune for each satellite and square the result we get 162,000,000 for Triton and 655,000 for Nereid. We multiply each of these figures by the mass-ratio of Neptune to the Sun, and that gives us the tug-of-war value which is:

Triton	8,400
Nereid	34

The conditions differ markedly for the two satellites. The gravitational influence of Neptune on its nearer satellite, Triton, is overwhelmingly greater than the influence of the Sun on the same satellite. Triton is firmly in Neptune's grip. The outer satellite, Nereid, however, is attracted by Neptune considerably, but *not* overwhelmingly, more strongly than by the Sun. Furthermore, Nereid has a highly eccentric orbit, the most highly eccentric of any satellite in the system. It approaches

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to within 800,000 miles of Neptune at one end of its orbit and recedes to as far as 6 million miles at the other end. When most distant from Neptune, Nereid experiences a tug-of-war value as low as 11!

For a variety of reasons (the eccentricity of Nereid's orbit, for one thing) astronomers generally suppose that Nereid is not a true satellite of Neptune, but is a planetoid which was captured by Neptune on the occasion of a too-close approach.

Neptune's weak hold on Nereid certainly seems to support this. In fact, from the long astronomic view, the association between Neptune and Nereid may be a temporary one. Perhaps the disturbing effect of the Solar pull will eventually snatch it out of Neptune's grip. Triton, on the other hand, will never leave Neptune's company short of some catastrophe on a System-wide scale.

There's no point in going through all the details of the calculations for all the satellites. I'll do the work on my own (generous me) and feed you the results. Uranus, for instance, has five known satellites, all revolving in the planet of Uranus's equator and all considered true satellites by astronomers. Reading outward from the planet, they are: Miranda, Ariel, Umbriel, Titania and Oberon.

The tug-of-war values for these satellites are:

Miranda	24,600
Ariel	9,850
Umbriel	4,750
Titania	1,750
Oberon	1,050

All are safely and overwhelmingly in Uranus's grip and the high tug-of-war values fit with their status as true satellites.

We pass on, then, to Saturn, which has nine satellites: Mimas, Enceladus, Tethys, Dione, Rhea, Titan, Hyperion, Iapetus, and Phoebe. Of these, the eight innermost revolve in the plane of Saturn's equator and are considered true satellites. Phoebe, the ninth, has a highly inclined orbit and is considered a captured planetoid.

The tug-of-war values for these satellites are:

Mimas	15,500
Enceladus	9,800
Tethys	6,400
Dione	4,150
Rhea	2,000

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Titan	380
Hyperion	260
Iapetus	45
Phoebe	3½

Note the low value for Phoebe.

Jupiter has twelve satellites and I'll take them in two installments. The first five: Amaltheia, Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto all revolve in the plane of Jupiter's equator and all are considered true satellites. The tug-of-war values for these are:

Amaltheia	18,200
Io	3,260
Europa	490
Ganymede	490
Callisto	160

and all are clearly in Jupiter's grip.

Jupiter, however, has seven more satellites which have no official names, but which are commonly known by Roman numerals (from VI to XII) given in the order of their discovery. In order of distance from Jupiter, they are VI, X, VII, XII, XI, VIII, IX. All are small and with orbits that are eccentric and highly inclined to the plane of Jupiter's equator. Astronomers consider them captured planetoids. (Jupiter is far more massive than the other planets and is nearer the planetoid belt so it is not surprising that it has captured seven planetoids.)

The tug-of-war results for these seven certainly bear out the captured-planetoid notion, for the values are:

VI	4.4
X	4.3
VII	4.2
XII	1.3
XI	1.2
VIII	1.03
IX	1.03

Jupiter's grip on these outer satellites is feeble indeed.

Mars has two satellites, Phobos and Deimos, each tiny and each very close to Mars. They rotate in the plane of Mars' equator, and are considered true satellites. The tug-of-war values are:

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Phobos	195
Deimos	32

So far, I have listed 30 satellites, of which 21 are considered true satellites and 9 are usually tabbed as (probably) captured planetoids. I would like, for the moment, to leave out of consideration the 31st satellite, which happens to be our own Moon (I'll get back to it, I promise) and summarize the 30 as follows:

	Number of satellites	
Planet	*True*	*Captured*
Neptune	1	1
Uranus	5	0
Saturn	8	1
Jupiter	5	7
Mars	2	0

It is unlikely that any additional true satellites will be discovered (though, to be sure, Miranda was discovered as recently as 1948). However, any number of tiny bodies, coming under the classification of captured planetoids may yet turn up, particularly once we go out there and actually look.

But now let's analyze this list in terms of tug-of-war values. Among the true satellites, the lowest tug-of-war value is that of Deimos, for which it is 32. On the other hand, among the nine satellites listed as captured, the highest tug-of-war value is that of Nereid with an average of 34.

Let us accept this state of affairs and assume that the tug-of-war figure 30 is a reasonable minimum for a true satellite and that any satellite with a lower figure is, in all likelihood, a captured and probably temporary member of the planet's family.

Knowing the mass of a planet and its distance from the Sun, we can calculate the distance from the planet's center at which this tug-of-war value will be found. We can use equation 4 for the purpose, setting f_p/f_s equal to 30, putting in the known values for m_p, m_s and d_s and then solving for d_p. That will be the maximum distance at which we can expect to find a true satellite. The only planet that can't be handled in this way is Pluto, for which the value of m_p is very uncertain, but I omit Pluto cheerfully.

We can also set a minimum distance at which we can expect a true satellite; or, at least, a true satellite in the usual form. It has been cal-

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culated that if a true satellite is closer to its primary than a certain distance, tidal forces will break it up into fragments. Conversely, if fragments already exist at such a distance, they will not coalesce into a single body. This limit of distance is called the "Roche limit" and is named for the astronomer, E. Roche, who worked it out in 1849. The Roche limit is a distance from a planetary center equal to 2.44 times the planet's radius.

So, sparing you the actual calculations, here are the results for the four outer planets:

	Distance of true satellite (miles from the center of the primary)	
Planet	*Maximum (tug-of-war = 30)*	*Minimum (Roche limit)*
Neptune	3,700,000	38,000
Uranus	2,200,000	39,000
Saturn	2,700,000	87,000
Jupiter	2,700,000	106,000

As you see, each of these outer planets, with huge masses and far distant from the competing Sun, has ample room for large and complicated satellite systems within these generous limits, and the 21 true satellites all fall within them.

Saturn does possess something within Roche's limit—its ring system. The outermost edge of the ring system stretches out to a distance of 85,000 miles from Saturn's center. Obviously, the material in the rings could have been collected into a true satellite if it had not been so near Saturn.

The ring system is unique as far as visible planets are concerned, but of course the only planets we can see are those of our own Solar system. Even of these, the only ones we can reasonably consider in connection with satellites (I'll explain why in a moment) are the four large ones.

Of these, Saturn has a ring system and Jupiter just barely misses one. Its innermost satellite, Amaltheia is about 110,000 miles from Jupiter's center, with the Roche limit at 106,000 miles. A few thousand miles inward and Jupiter would have rings. I would like to make the suggestion therefore that once we reach outward to explore other stellar systems we will discover (probably to our initial amazement) that about half the large planets we find will be equipped with rings after the fashion of Saturn.

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Next we can try to do the same thing for the inner planets. Since the inner planets are, one and all, much less massive than the outer ones and much closer to the competing Sun, we might guess that the range of distances open to true satellite formation would be more limited, and we would be right. Here are the actual figures as I have calculated them.

	Distance of true satellite (miles from the center of the primary)	
Planet	*Maximum (tug-of-war = 30)*	*Minimum (Roche limit)*
Mars	15,000	5,150
Earth	29,000	9,600
Venus	19,000	9,200
Mercury	1,300	3,800

Thus, you see, where each of the outer planets has a range of two million miles or more within which true satellites could form, the situation is far more restricted for the inner planets. Mars and Venus have a permissible range of but 10,000 miles. Earth does a little better, with 20,000 miles.

Mercury is the most interesting case. The maximum distance at which it can expect to form a natural satellite against the overwhelming competition of the near-by Sun is well within the Roche limit. It follows from that, if my reasoning is correct, that Mercury *cannot* have a true satellite, and that anything more than a possible spattering of gravel is not to be expected.

In actual truth, no satellite has been located for Mercury but, as far as I know, nobody has endeavored to present a reason for this or treat it as anything other than an empirical fact. If any Gentle Reader, with a greater knowledge of astronomic detail than myself, will write to tell me that I have been anticipated in this, and by whom, I will try to take the news philosophically. At the very least, I will confine my kicking and screaming to the privacy of my study.

Venus, Earth and Mars are better off than Mercury and do have a little room for true satellites beyond the Roche limit. It is not much room, however, and the chances of gathering enough material over so small a volume of space to make anything but a very tiny satellite is minute.

And, as it happens, neither Venus nor Earth has any satellite at all (barring possible minute chunks of gravel) within the indicated limits,

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and Mars has two small satellites, one perhaps 12 miles across and the other 6, which scarcely deserve the name.

It is amazing, and very gratifying to me, to note how all this makes such delightful sense, and how well I can reason out the details of the satellite systems of the various planets. It is such a shame that one small thing remains unaccounted for; one trifling thing I have ignored so far, but—

WHAT IN BLAZES IS OUR OWN MOON DOING WAY OUT THERE?

It's too far out to be a true satellite of the Earth, if we go by my beautiful chain of reasoning—which is too beautiful for me to abandon. It's too big to have been captured by the Earth. The chances of such a capture having been effected and the Moon then having taken up a nearly circular orbit about the Earth are too small to make such an eventuality credible.

There are theories, of course, to the effect that the Moon was once much closer to the Earth (within my permitted limits for a true satellite) and then gradually moved away as a result of tidal action. Well, I have an objection to that. If the Moon were a true satellite that originally had circled Earth at a distance of, say, 20,000 miles, it would almost certainly be orbiting in the plane of Earth's equator and it isn't.

Well, then, if the Moon is neither a true satellite of the Earth, nor a captured one, what is it? This may surprise you, but I have an answer; and to explain what that answer is, let's get back to my tug-of-war determinations. There is, after all, one satellite for which I have not calculated it, and that is our Moon. We'll do that now.

The average distance of the Moon from the Earth is 237,000 miles, and the average distance of the Moon from the Sun is 93,000,000 miles. The ratio of the Moon-Sun distance to the Moon-Earth distance is 392. Squaring that gives us 154,000. The ratio of the mass of the Earth to that of the Sun was given earlier in the article and is 0.000-003. Multiplying this figure by 154,000 gives us the tug-of-war value, which comes out to:

Moon	0.46

The Moon, in other words, is unique among the satellites of the Solar system in that its primary (we) *loses* the tug of war with the Sun. The Sun attracts the Moon twice as strongly as the Earth does. We might look upon the Moon, then, as neither a true satellite of

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the Earth, nor a captured one, but as a planet in its own right, moving about the Sun in careful step with the Earth. To be sure, from within the Earth-Moon system, the simplest way of picturing the situation is to have the Moon revolve about the Earth; but if you were to draw a picture of the orbits of the Earth and Moon about the Sun exactly to scale, you would see that the Moon's orbit is everywhere concave toward the Sun. It is always "falling" toward the Sun. All the other satellites, without exception, "fall" away from the Sun through part of their orbits, caught as they are by the superior pull of their primary—but not the Moon.

And consider this— The Moon does not revolve about the Earth in the plane of Earth's equator, as would be expected of a true satellite. Rather, it revolves about the Earth in a plane quite close to that of the ecliptic; that is, to the plane in which the planets, generally, rotate about the Sun. This is just what would be expected of a planet.

Is it possible then, that there is an intermediate point between the situation of the massive planet far distant from the Sun, which develops about a single core, with numerous satellites formed; and that of the small planet near the Sun which develops about a single core with no satellites. Can there be a boundary condition, so to speak, in which there is condensation about two major cores so that a double planet is formed?

Maybe Earth just hit the edge of the permissible mass and distance; a little too small, a little too close. Perhaps if it were better situated the two halves of the double planet would have been more of a size. Perhaps both might have had atmospheres and oceans and—life. Perhaps in other stellar systems with a double planet a greater equality is more usual.

What a shame if we have missed that—

Or, maybe (who knows), what luck!

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NÓ TRADING VOYAGE

There being little
or perhaps nothing now,
no tithe no tittle to sell or barter,
I cannot make the usual report
on outgo or on intake
but what I say may be
not less important:

On the fourth globe that circles great Pleione
the inhabitants are grey, with cobalt eyes.
They see
all streams or waves sent out from any sun;
so to them space is never night,
not dun but dimly gleaming dawn,
save where among charted immensities
it dazzles with full daylight in a star.
These beings live their lives
in contemplation. That is their sole art.

We passed Albireo and met the pirates
haunting the nearby dust clouds.
They loosed trained *virlacs,* taught to capture
what can be held for slaves.
They never maim.
They bound us and then sold us in the markets
of what is our Pole Star.
Our tongues learned tunes of language
from lipless mouths.
We have been fed
on flakes of scentless *leel,* have gnawed
small *raphor* bones and watched Aldebaran,
cursing is as we watched.
We also quarried
the *arluk* mines of Mira.

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They sold us once again.
I do not know what sun we headed for,
what comet glow.
We mutinied—then freed,
headed the ship upon a half-guessed course
to reach unknown Antares.

Upon our way, we found one nameless world,
a continented place of plants and insects
where flowers outglory even Earth's.
Through its black caves
our band was led by vines—
tender as women, wise as Solomon.
With their ringed tendrils
they clasped our human hands
and now in all worlds
this hand of mine feels empty.
We went on.

About Antares there are many planets
which to their cores are ocean.
They have never heard
even of islands. In bubbles
sucked by vast *nerhth* beds from the upper air
creatures like birds have being
and live their span
on never-tiring wings.
The depths of green
press each imprisoned world
into a sphere.
Such calm and mindless beauty
was like a net to snare us—

yet we came through, whole and refreshed and young,
to sing with mirth,
a crew made ready for any voyaging
even return
to the doomed cradle that its ghosts call Earth.

—Doris Pitkin Buck

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Introduction to Felix Marti-Ibañez' NIÑA SOL

Owing to the confusion of our so-called ace agent, Mr. Pettifogle (whom we may dismiss), it was stated in the introduction to SENHOR ZUMBEIRA'S LEG (Dec. 1962) that Dr. Felix Marti-Ibañez came from Brazil. Dr. Felix Marti-Ibañez has the highest respect for Brazil, of whose Society of the History of Medicine he is an Honorary Member; but he comes from Spain, *and was at one time its Undersecretary of Public Health and Social Services. He has lived in the United States since 1939. Formerly Professor and Chairman of the Department of the History of Medicine at the New York Medical College, Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals, Dr. Marti-Ibañez is the owner and editor of* MD *Medical Newsmagazine; and a totally-unsolicited testimonial from a Midwestern physician to us describes his editorials as "sparkling." He is the author of a number of books, including THE PAGEANT OF MEDICINE (Farrar, Strauss, & Cudahy). This is his second story for F&SF; like its predecessor, it deals with South America, that sister-continent about which most of us know so shamefull little. But, whereas his previous tale was about the light and laughter of Brazil, in South America's east, his current account is of the light and shadow of Peru, land of the Incas and the west. It has been conjectured that* Peru *was none other than* Ophir, *whence Solomon fetched so much gold that "silver was accounted as nothing"—and certainly it was the Conquistadors' greed for gold which brought Atahualpa, penultimate Inca, to his death, despite the incredible amounts of it he supplied them. Little gold is left in the earth of Peru but the gold of its sun is infinite. Dr. Ibañez's story has much the quality of legend; if it is not based on one, it may well become one.*

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NIÑA SOL

by Felix Martí-Ibañez

PERHAPS IT WAS THE SUN, PERhaps the bleat of a goat, but that day I woke up earlier than usual. Through the open window the cool breeze brought me a message of autumn scents. I clambered out of bed and noticed with great joy that the *puna*—that dreaded mountain sickness—had finally tired of grinding my weary bones. After three weeks of fighting the altitude, I was still intact. Now I could think without effort, move without my joints creaking, and breathe without experiencing a forge in each lung. Even my heart was once again a forgotten organ quietly doing its clock work in its crimson chamber.

I looked out of the window hoping to see a bird, but I saw only the *puna*, all gray and gold—gray the earth and grass, gold the fine air—and the solemn llamas grazing in the distance. The llama, the only animal to which dirt lends dignity! The pale sky was like an invisible presence. I first sniffed the air as if it were a Lachrima Christi and then breathed it deeply, finished dressing, and finally betook myself to the dining room downstairs.

It was not only the restless spirit of the writer but also love for solitude that had brought me to the inn called Paradero de la Perricholi. While in Lima I had longed all the time for the Peru of the lofty mountains. For the Spanish conquerors Peru was Lima, a bejeweled town, the City of Kings, with its fabulous treasures; for me Peru was still a legend high up near the clouds, it was the *puna*, cosmic and abrupt, and the wandering llama, and the sky like polished metal.

That accounts for my itinerary: a few days in Lima, just enough to fall in love with the beautiful city, small, perfumed and voluptuous like a *señora criolla*, then on to Juliaca and Cuzco, and thence by mule to the top of the Ara, a steep hill the very name of which held the promise of a legend. There I found the Paradero, a large house built of stone the color of green olives, with a vast hall that was at once hearth, dining room, and storage room for seeds, harnesses and fodder. Near the fire, which was never allowed to die out, sat two very old women, with as many colored skirts as an onion has layers, and a man—father? brother?—even older than

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they. A brooding cat and a dog that looked as if he had been silent for years lay sprawled at their feet. The smell of feed, leather, nuts and old wine hovered forever in the air, and a pearly mist rose from a pot, eternally kept on the fire as in a pagan ritual, and mixed with the mumblings—whinings or prayers—of the old women.

This was what I wanted: silence, solitude, time frozen into days without yesterday or tomorrow. Thousands of feet below was the other Peru with its great cities and its silver mountains; here drawing me like a magnet, there was only the *puna,* a mysterious titanic prairie of grass and rock where I could roam and dream and let the solitude soothe my nerves, tense and taut like violin strings from being so much fingered by the big cities.

It was with annoyance therefore that I saw another guest sitting at the table, lustily attacking a sizable piece of roast meat. He was on the threshold of the thirties, with a heavy head of hair the color of ripe corn and childlike eyes that sparkled like aquamarines. His clothes were simple, a mountaineer's outfit, like mine. Near him there was a wooden box all spotted with paint of many colors, a roll of canvas, and brushes.

He greeted me with a wide smile and his fork, on which a boiled potato was impaled. His voice was as warm and friendly as the fragrant steam escaping from the huge blackened coffeepot.

"Welcome! Pardon my greediness, but I arrived very late last night and could get no dinner. This meat is excellent and the coffee smells divine. Won't you sit down with me? There is enough for two. I have invaded your retreat, but I shall disturb you little. I shall be outdoors all day, painting. The yellows of this landscape are marvelous. What delicious potatoes! My name is Jorge Mendoza. Please call me Jorge. Some day my signature at the bottom of a Peruvian landscape will be worth a great deal of money."

He spoke quickly while devouring the contents of his plate. His electric ebullience introduced such an incongruous note in the somber, silent room that I had to smile. I introduced myself and assured him that, since he was going to paint and I was going to write, he would have no reason to fear either competition or intrusions from me. By the time we had finished our fourth cup of coffee we were chatting like old friends, and after a barrage of courteous protestations as to who should have the last potato, we finally divided it in two.

"What attracts a painter to this part of the country?" I asked him.

"Light," he answered emphati-

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cally. "The mystery of light fascinates me as it did Rembrandt, if I may be a little presumptuous. I have traveled all over South America and never have I seen anywhere such light as that of the Peruvian *puna*. Actually the light here is all the same color, yellow, but yellow in all shades. The grass is gray yellow, the llamas dark yellow, the sun a burning yellow, even the sky is a faded yellow. I want to paint that, a symphony of yellows, a canticle to the glorious yellow light of this glorious land that it may bring joy to the weary people who live in gray gloomy towns."

"It should be a fascinating challenge to transfer to canvas the mysterious quality of the *puna*," I said, a little wary of his enthusiasm. "In my own way I intend to—"

"Yes," he interrupted me abruptly, following the thread of his own thoughts, "the secret of the *puna* is not silence or solitude. That is part of it, of course. But the real secret is the light. And I am going to capture it with this," and he kicked his box of paints.

We took leave of each other with a handshake, but his d'Artagnan attitude to fight alone the entire realm of the *puna* irritated me. When I went outside, I saw him walking in the distance, his hair a bright yellow against the faded sky.

The narrow plateau around the Paradero was covered with gray grass, some stunted trees and massive rocks. A gentle slope led to a wide esplanade where flocks of llamas grazed. From here one went down to another wide step, and then another and another, until the steplike projections reached the deep, distant valley, where houses pressed together as if they had been poured from the heights in one heavy splash. One's gaze could reach very far, where the land, dressed in green with brown and other spots, rose and fell and then rose again to majestic heights where it received a crown of snow. There was the odor of damp grass, the bleating of goats, and always the faint tolling of bells from the valley mingled with the soft sighs of the breezes from the peaks.

The day passed lazily and quietly. I strolled around, meditated, read and made notes. At noon I had lunch alone at the Paradero, served by one of the melancholy old women. After a short siesta, I was again engulfed by the silence of the afternoon, which though profound was not oppressive. When I was about to go in to dinner, I heard a shout and suddenly saw the young painter emerge from behind a rock. He was out of breath and looked exhausted, but he still burned with the fire of enthusiasm.

"What a country! What light!"

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he greeted me, flourishing a brush just as he had brandished his fork in the morning. "I have walked miles and miles. I even forgot to eat. Color, color, color everywhere, always the same and always different."

"The *puna* reminds me of the sea," I ventured coldly, for his rebuff of that morning still rankled in my bosom. "It is infinite and it can be cruel or kind, depending on the time of day."

"That is true," he granted, wiping off his sweat with a handkerchief as big as a sheet. "The land here seems to move like the sea, according to the light of every hour of the day. It's the light that does it. Such glorious light!"

He pressed my arm with his hot hand.

"Let me show you something." He quickly unrolled two canvases and showed them to me with the same gesture of pride with which Chinese merchants must have displayed their gorgeous silks before Suleiman the Magnificent.

There was not much to them. They were sketches, almost identical, of a lot of grass with some llamas grazing and a low sky thick with clouds the color of chromium oxide.

"What do you think?" he asked proudly.

"Well, not bad."

"Not bad!" He was really astonished.

"Frankly, I have seen better."

He stared at me and then at the canvases, and finally he rolled them up with a gesture of despair.

"You are right. There's something missing. The light. The light. It escapes me. I can't mix the right colors. The customary method is inadequate. One would have to paint this light as Fra Angelico painted heaven—on one's knees."

Seizing my arm he led me back to the house, and the welcome of the dog and the smell of the stew on the fire soon made me forget the anxieties of the painter.

I did not see him again for several days. He always left before I got up and returned after I had retired. As there was no electric light, I fell into the habit of going to bed early, following the custom of the proprietors of the inn. I never asked about him and they told me nothing. I would hear him arrive before I fell asleep, and, listening to the noise of dishes, I imagined him devouring the supper they left him by the fire. Then he would shut himself in his room next to mine and I would hear him mumbling and ripping paper until I fell asleep.

The days passed sweet and solemn. I read all my books, I filled several notebooks with meticulous scribblings. I began to think of going back to Lima, and finally I set a date for my return.

One night, unable to sleep, I lit my candle and sat down to

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write some letters. I had been writing only a few minutes when I heard the painter arrive. Contrary to his habit, he came upstairs immediately. His boots made the corridor shake. When he reached my door he stopped and knocked. I opened the door.

"What luck to find you up! I saw the light in your room and could not resist the temptation of having a chat with you. May I sit down?"

I found him disturbingly changed. He looked thin, almost emaciated, and there was a feverish look in his eyes. I closed the door. The room, quiet and peaceful before he came in, suddenly seemed to vibrate with the nervousness emanating from all his pores.

"I'm happy to see you," I said, pouring two glasses of sherry, which shimmered like two patches of sun in the flickering light of the candle. "You must be working very hard. I haven't seen a trace of you round the house in the past few days."

He drank the sherry in one gulp. Above the feeble flame of the candle, which shed more shadows than light in the room, his reddened eyes gleamed strangely. In his glass a drop of the golden liquid glittered like a pirate's doubloon.

"What do you think of this?" he said suddenly, unrolling a canvas. I looked at it for a moment and then at him. In his eyes I saw an ironical sparkle.

"You think it's a lot of nonsense and that I'm crazy, don't you?"

I was about to reply that he had guessed my thoughts, but his feverish aspect held me back.

"I wouldn't say that," I answered cautiously. "In any case, it's quite different from anything I have ever seen."

The canvas was covered with patches of yellow of so vivid a hue that they cast a glow in the semi-darkness of the room. At first I thought they were only random strokes of the brush, but as I studied the canvas further I thought I detected amid the yellow blotches vague shadows and contours. Perhaps it was only my imagination, but in those childish-looking blobs of vivid yellow I thought I perceived strangely disquieting figures and profiles. Suddenly, without any warning, he rolled up the canvas.

"You are very diplomatic," he said sarcastically. "Of course, you don't understand. How can you?"

"Your forget," I replied, rather piqued, "I'm only a writer with a superficial feeling for painting."

"Of course, of course." In the dancing shadows cast by the leaping flame of the candle, his face looked as if it had escaped from one of Goya's *Caprichos*. "But that is no excuse for not recognizing the marvelous when it's facing you."

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I shrugged my shoulder and poured two more glasses of sherry, determined not to be angry but also not to tolerate any more impertinence.

"Let's drink to your paintings," I suggested sarcastically.

"Let's drink to *her,*" he said with vehemence.

My glass stopped in mid-air.

"Her?"

"The *Niña Sol,* the girl who inspired this picture," he answered, and again he gulped down his drink.

"And just what does the picture represent?" I inquired.

"The light of the *puna.*"

I drank my wine in silence.

"It's an incredible story," Jorge said. "You probably will not believe me, but I must tell it to someone. Some day you will tell it and no one will believe you either. But I have seen her, I have spoken to her, I shall see her tomorrow and every day. No, I am not drunk, or perhaps I am—with light. Listen. . . ."

The story issued from his lips slowly, hesitantly, as if it were a great effort to tell it. Jorge had come to the *puna* determined to capture the light on his palette. For days he tried again and again to paint what he saw, but his brushes could only capture the form of things, not their light. He wanted the sun of the *puna* to be the protagonist of his pictures, as the air is in *Las Meninas* of Velázquez and the light in Rembrandt's paintings. His hobnailed boots had trod all the mountain paths, leaving behind, scattered all over, torn pieces of canvas bright with colors. Every day he climbed new hills always searching for light and more light. Until one afternoon . . .

". . . I had been walking all day in no special direction," said Jorge. "Both my feet and my thoughts were going round in circles. I went down a steep slope to the bottom of a narrow valley wedged between two high walls of rock. On all sides there was gray grass under a sun so luminous that because it was all light it gave no warmth. If only I could mix the sun on my palette and dip my brushes in it, I kept thinking. I walked the length of the narrow dell and came to a natural rock staircase that went up the opposite slope. I started the ascent. Halfway up I stopped. The side wall was perforated, forming a window in the rock through which I could see a path winding down to another little valley. On the other side of the valley there was a small hill and atop the hill a little house. And then, I saw her.

"The hill was like any other hill around here except for its brilliant yellow color, so brilliant that it glittered like burnished metal. Grass the color of new gold covered it completely. On top of the hill there was a small platform

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to which one climbed along a pathway covered with yellow pebbles. In the middle of the platform stood the little house with walls and roof of bright yellow straw. Yellow-hued flowers swayed in the breeze all around the house. In the midst of this blazing yellow paradise, silent and motionless, stood the girl.

"At first I thought she was a statue. My eyes were so blinded by the sun, which reverberated on the hill and on the house as on a mirror, that I barely saw her silhouette. But after a while, with my hands shading my eyes, I was able to see her quite clearly. She was almost a child, dressed in a sleeveless waist and a short skirt which glistened as if made of gold. At first I thought she was wearing a helmet on her head, but then I realized that it was her blond hair on which the sun broke into myriad luminous sparks. But what left me spellbound was her skin. I cannot give you even a remote idea of the color of her arms, her bare legs, her face. They were of the same golden shade as the paradise that surrounded her, but with a gossamer quality, a transparency, an iridescence, that was not of this earth. It was as if she were standing on a blazing throne of gold and she herself was made of such fiery gold as mortal eyes are not meant to look at and retain their sight.

"When she saw me, she waved an arm. Her loose hair buttered in the wind like a flaming banner. She showed no surprise; indeed, her greeting was the cheerful welcome accorded to an expected guest. The wings of the wind brought me the merry twinkling of her laughter.

"I remained sitting astride the stone window, unable to move, breathing with difficulty. I cannot explain what I felt. My whole being urged me to go to the girl, but my body refused to move. My eyes would have never withstood the blazing light the hill exhaled under the sun.

"I must have sat there for hours, watching her face turned toward the sun, her eyes wide open. Had she not waved to me, I would have thought her blind, so completely undisturbed were her eyes by the sun.

"When the sun went down she rose and simultaneously a flock of yellow birds, up to then invisible but whose singing had been audible all the time, took flight. For an instant she stood surrounded by dozens of yellow flapping wings like a flame surrounded by eager butterflies. She then looked at me, waved her hand in farewell and disappeared into the house.

"Only then was I able to move. Half blinded, my entire body burning from the sun, I fled from the place. Instinct must have brought me here. It was night when I arrived.

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"The next day and the day after that and still another day I returned to the opening in the rock. And every day the same thing happened. Although at night, throughout the endless hours of insomnia, I swore to myself that the next day I would go up the golden hill and talk to the Sun Girl, as soon as I reached the window in the rock I was again overcome by the same strange paralysis."

The painter mechanically picked up his glass. On the wall his lifted hand projected a monstrous shadow like that of a bat. Through the window the cool night air brought a breath of sanity and reality. The candle flickered wildly and our shadows danced a saraband on the walls. The painter's eyes were burning coals in his shaded face.

"On the fourth day," he continued, "as soon as I reached the opening I realized that something was different. The girl, this time wearing a cape, sat on the grass weaving a wicker basket. The hill, the house, the flowers, everything was the same. Nevertheless, something had changed. The sun was as brilliant as ever, yet I did not feel the strange sensation that on the previous days had transfixed me to the window. And before I realized it I was running down the other side of the stone window, crossing the narrow valley, and, with my heart beating wildly, climbing the little path lined with yellow pebbles.

"When I reached the top of the hill, the girl, smiling, motioned me to sit on the grass a few steps from where she herself was seated. Her fingers swiftly and with great skill kept on braiding the wicker. Birds sang softly all around us. I stared enraptured at her lovely face. Droplets of sun had fallen in her eyes and her skin had a golden luminescence.

" 'You seem surprised,' she finally said in a musical Spanish.

" 'I believe I'm dreaming,' I answered in my faltering Spanish.

" 'Why?' she laughed. 'I am flesh and blood and there is nothing strange about your presence here. I was expecting you.'

" 'You were expecting me?'

" 'Of course. You looked at me from afar long enough. It was time you made up your mind to come. But I was to blame. Only today did I realize what held you back and I remedied it.'

She ignored the astonishment on my face.

" 'You are very sunburnt,' she remarked.

" 'It does not matter now that I am here. I don't know why, but I'm glad I came.'

" 'I know why you came. You're looking for light and you came to it.' She pointed to my paintbox. 'Show me your pictures.'

"I unrolled one of my canvases and showed it to her. She looked

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at it from where she was seated.

"'Just what do you want to paint?' she asked.

"'I don't know. This land, the colors—they fascinate me.'

"Her laughter ran down my spine like a rivulet of silver.

"'The colors! There is no color on the *puna*. Only light.'

"'Everything here is yellow, all shades of yellow and gold,' I protested.

"'Everything here is sunlight,' she corrected. 'You think it's yellow because that has always been the color of the sun for painters. But there are no colors here. The house, the birds, the flowers, I myself—we all are soaked in light. Everything here is sun. This is Peru, the land of the sun, and the *puna* is the closest to the sun. That is why you came here. Without knowing it, you have been following the sun, just as birds fly thousands of miles also following the sun. You began seeking color for your paintings and you ended seeking the sun.'

"'I would gladly give my life if I could paint the light of the sun.'

"'Why don't you try?'

"'I have tried but I failed. The color escapes me. If one cannot even look at the sun, how can one paint it?'

"'I shall help you,' she said with a mocking little laugh. 'I know nothing about painting but I have trod many times the path of light.'

"Leaning toward me, she took my paintbox and pressed it against her breast as if it were a doll. She then gave it back to me.

"'You shall now paint the light, and to say the light is to say the sun.'"

Jorge pointed to the canvas he had shown me.

"This is what I have been painting ever since. It means nothing to you, but I know that I am far on the road to capturing on my palette the light of the sun."

"Do you know who this girl is?" I asked in a skeptical tone.

"I don't know. I asked her once. She laughed and answered, 'Does one ask a rock or a mountain what it is? Does one ask the grass or the light? I am as the *puna*, as the condor, the llama and the alpaca, as the pumpkin and the casave—we are all children of the Sun. Pachacama gave life to the Sun and the Sun gave life to me, the *Niña Sol*. My brothers and sisters, the Quechaun *ayllúa*, worshipped the Sun, and later the Incas had a court of virgins, Vestals of the Sun. For many centuries my people lived under the laws of the Sun. What glorious times those were! They danced the *kashua*, and on their clothes, on their metals, even in their liquor, there was a drop of sun.

"'After the great massacre—even the Sun was dyed vermillion—after the bearded men that came with sword and cross from across

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the sea had impaled on their pikes the heads of the last Incas, the City of Kings was born in the valley, but the Sun was lost. Only this hill remains, by the will of the first god, Pachacama, and from it one day the lost empire will be born again.' "

"The girl is mad!" I cried out, knocking down in my excitement my glass of Sherry. "Can't you see? She is playing the heroine in a tale of fantasy."

Jorge's face turned deadly pale. "At first," he answered, "I too, thought the same thing, but these canvases—Can't you see? There is light in them! Oh, I'm sure you're wrong. I know you're wrong. When I'm with her I feel as if I am in another world. When I set foot on the hill where she lives something happens—how shall I explain it to you? Time does not exist there, it disappears in a strange relativity, it becomes fused with the clouds, with the sun. Please, try to understand."

He nervously pulled out of his pocket an old silver watch.

"See this watch? Today, when I was with her, I took it out to look at the time. She asked me what it was and when I told her she didn't know what a watch was. She asked me to let her look at it and I placed it on the grass near her, for she never allows me to come too near her. She took it and examined it and finally put it back on the grass and said. 'How strange! You measure time with *that* and yet you called my ancestors savages.'

"There was a sharp note of anger in her voice. Your face, mine, gets red when flushed. Hers turned into a mask of incandescent gold.

" 'You presume to capture time in that absurd little box!' she exclaimed. 'Don't you know yet that time is reckoned not by duration but by intensity? One instant of happiness or of pain lasts longer than ten years of indifference."

"Pointing to the sun, she said with deep fervor, 'There is the measure of time. According to you, my age should be marked off by that silly little instrument. What madness! Does the sun have an age? Throw away your little metal box and with it your fear of time!' "

With a cry of anguish, Jorge tossed the watch on the table.

"Why am I telling you all this? You can't possibly understand. Can't you see that I am not the same man you met only a few days ago? The Sun Girl has changed my whole life. But you probably don't even believe me. Why have I told you all this?"

"Shall I tell you why?" I answered. "Because you know that that poor girl is mad, that she's playing the part of the Ophelia of the *puna*, that she's no more a fragment of sun than you or I."

What happened then still makes me shiver. The dying candle flickered wildly with a hissing

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noise and then went out, leaving the room in total darkness. I got up to fetch another candle when Jorge, grabbing my arm, cried out, "Look! The watch! On the table!"

I had already seen it and wide-eyed I stared at it. In the darkness, the watch was an incandescent ball of such radiance that my eyes could not bare to look at it for long. It was no longer a watch; it was a tiny sun.

Jorge snatched the watch from the table and brought it close to his face. Above the brilliance the object exuded he looked at me with wild eyes.

"Now do you believe me?" he shouted. "Now do you believe in her? She held this watch in her hands for one moment only and look at it now! It's a sun, a miniature sun!"

"I am sure that we can explain this rationally," I replied in a tremulous voice. "Give me the watch."

I took it in my hands with some fear, but the watch was cold to the touch. The radiation of light was uniform on both crystal and silver. The light was yellowish, like that of the sun on an autumn day. I rubbed it against my jacket and then against my hands, but it produced no phosphorescence, which eliminated the explanation that had occurred to me.

Jorge was now standing close to me and I could feel the intense heat exuded by his body.

"She said to me," he whispered, "that she carried within her the sun of centuries, that she was all light—*la Niña Sol,* she called herself. Now I understand. When I showed her my picture—" He stopped abruptly and then cried, "My pictures, she touched them, she touched my box of paints—"

He seized the roll of canvases from the table and quickly unrolled them. The same thing happened again. The canvases glowed with masses of light, a radiant light, big round blobs of it, as if the canvases were soaked in sun. I passed my hand over them but felt nothing, nor did the light adhere to my skin.

Jorge burst out into wild laughter, rolled up the pictures, and, still laughing, left the room, the roll under his arm and the watch in his hand. I remained facing the closed door, surrounded by darkness, watching through the cracks in the door a patch of bright light slowly move away until it vanished completely.

The next morning I woke up after a short restless sleep preceded by long hours of tossing. The smell of coffee was a reassuring sign of reality. Jorge's door was ajar and I could see that the young painter had already left.

I ate my breakfast with little appetite, and spent the day walking back and forth around the inn, wondering all the time where the hill of the Sun Girl might be. In

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daylight, the events of the night before seemed like a dream.

Impatiently I saw night come down. Seated by the fire, the old women whispered to each other. I asked questions. No one knew of the hill of the sun nor of any other dwelling in the neighborhood, but, then, they admitted that for years they had not been beyond the esplanade on which their llamas grazed.

I retired to my room and opened a book, which I made no attempt to read. I was waiting for the painter. It was not until much later that I heard a noise on the floor below. I ran down the stairs. Jorge was seated by the fire, his eyes staring at the glowing embers. When he saw me he greeted me with a vague nod of the head and continued gazing at the fire.

"What happened today?" I asked, sitting down next to him.

Jorge was so self-absorbed that I had to repeat my question.

"I'm leaving tonight," he replied, kicking a burnt log, which fell apart shooting forth a shower of sparkling stars.

"Where are you going? To Lima?"

He turned to me and the sight of his face made me gasp. Gone was the deranged look of the night before, gone were the lines of emaciation, the hunted expression, the anguish, the undefined doubts. His face was now radiant with peace. It was sweet and serene. It was the face of one who had received divine grace.

"I'm going with her," he said quietly. "We shall be together forever, and I shall have what no other painter ever had. I shall have light."

There was no maniac exaltation in his voice. I tried to introduce a note of reality into our strange dialogue.

"Did you tell the Sun Girl what happened last night with the watch and the paintings?"

Jorge smiled a smile of pity, as if he were far above the picayune problems that worried me.

"Yes, I told her," he answered with a voice of condescension. "If we dip an object in paint,' she said, 'does it not come out the color of the paint?' To anything she touches she gives her own light."

"But how is it," I asked, making an effort to speak of this fantastic thing calmly, "that during the day your Sun Girl does not shine like the sun?"

"Because her light is scattered in the atmosphere as that of the sun itself," he replied. "But," he added impatiently, "I'm not concerned about these petty problems that trouble you so much. I'm not looking for tricks. I am a painter who all his life has looked for light and now has found it. I have come for my things and I shall then go to her immediately. I shall live forever on the hill of light with the Sun Girl. Together we shall com-

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plete each other. She has in her flesh and soul the solar light that once was religion and law to her race. God has granted me what Rembrandt only adumbrated. He has granted me light. If you," he added almost in a whisper, "had held in your hands, as I did today, the hands of the Sun Girl, if, as I did, you had felt like Parsifal holding the Holy Grail, you would understand why I must return to her."

He got up with a gesture of finality that forbade further talk and walked toward the stairs. When he reached the stairs I uttered a cry. In the darkness of the staircase, which laid beyond the circle of light cast by the fire, both his hands glowed with a bright yellow light. I saw them—two stars of golden fire with ten flaming ends—suspended in mid-air as he raised them close to his face to examine them.

"Does it frighten you?" he said quietly. "I told you I held her hands in mine. Tomorrow my whole body will shine with the same light as hers."

A moment later I heard him moving in his room on the floor above. I sat by the fire, biting on my dead pipe. The logs in the hearth snapped and crackled and the brooding cat stared at me with severe eyes. I tried to marshal in my mind everything the painter had told me, seeking in vain a few straws of reality with which to solve the mystery. Heavy shoes tramping down the stairs interrupted my thoughts. Jorge came down, his knapsack on his shoulder, a handful of brushes protruding like arrows from the quiver of a wandering archer.

"May I go with you part of the way?" I asked him when he held out his hand.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I won't mind it if you promise not to preach."

"Have no fear," I promised, opening the door of the house.

We walked a long time in silence. The night was cold and remote like a Nordic bride. The stars were but a spangling dust scattered on the dark flue of the sky. The *puna* was in deep sleep. The only noise was made by our boots crushing the damp grass, which shone like polished metal under the pale moon, and the wind, which panted like a tired alpaca.

"Jorge," I finally said, "all this must have a logical explanation."

"Everything in life," he retorted mockingly, "has two explanations: the materialistic—call it scientific if you wish—which is neither complete nor true, and the poetic, which gets to the innermost truth of things. Freud never knew as much about dreams as Poe, nor doctors as much about love as Byron. I only know that my dream has come true. I don't have to burden it with explanations."

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"Couldn't it be," I proceeded, ignoring his words, "that this hill of light of yours contains an unknown radioactive mineral? As time went by, everything on that hill—rocks, flowers, birds—took on the light of that mineral. Even a human being, after years of being charged, like an electric battery, with radioactivity, might have absorbed the light and might communicate it. If this is so, there may be no danger for the girl, but there might be for anyone who came in sudden close contact with her."

He stopped abruptly. "That's all very fantastic," he interrupted me angrily.

"It is not fantastic. You may be in danger. Look at your hands. She touched them only a moment and look how they glow. Tomorrow they may become numb and the next day they may fall off, burned by that satanic force that now illuminates them. Have you thought of what might happen to you when you come close to the Sun Girl, when you touch her, when you embrace her?"

"Be quiet!" he shouted. I paid no attention to him.

"Has it occurred to you that the arms of the Sun Girl, or whoever the devil she is, might make you burn horribly to death?"

I thought he would attack me, so furious did he look, but suddenly his face relaxed and when he spoke his voice was again quiet.

"Think what you like," he said. "I only know that I have found the source of light and to it I must go though I perish. A woman of light! The only survivor of the extinct Vestals of the Sun. She will give light even to my heart. Even if her embrace were followed by death, can you imagine a more glorious death for a painter? To love the Sun Girl, to embrace her body of light, to drink sunshine from her lips! To die in the embrace of the Sun, to have light within one—that is not death. That is life!"

Only then did I realize that we were standing before the opening in the barrier of rock described by Jorge. He held out his hand and I pressed it silently. The moon, stiff with cold, put on a shawl of clouds, engulfing us in partial darkness. The silence was hushed and solemn like that of an empty cradle. Suddenly Jorge gripped my arm with painful violence.

"Look! Over there!" he cried hoarsely.

Opposite us, on the hill looming darkly on the other side of the passage, a statue of light had suddenly appeared. There was nothing frightening about it. Slender and feminine, with flesh a shimmering gold, it was like a block of sun hewn into the glorious figure of a woman.

"She's going away!" Jorge cried. "She's going away!"

The girl with a slow step disap-

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peared down the other side of the hill. Jorge, shouting after her, plunged through the darkness. I heard him scrambling wildly down to the bottom of the passage and, hesitating no longer, I followed.

I shall never forget that nightmarish race in the dark, scrambling from rock to rock, stumbling down, tearing my clothes and my flesh on the jagged stones. On my hands and knees, still lagging behind Jorge, whom I could hear calling the Sun Girl in the distance, I crossed the bottom of the passage and gropingly sought the way to the top of the hill. In the dark shadows I suddenly saw the path lined with pebbles gleaming with a faint yellow light leading to the golden doll's house above. Panting, I reached the top of the hill. Jorge stood motionless on the edge of the platform, staring down at the vast black chasm.

"Jorge," I called, running toward him across a carpet of flowers that glistened like golden crystal.

When I reached his side, he looked at me with eyes filled with despair.

"She's gone, down there," he said in a sobful voice. "She, too, must have been afraid, afraid to harm me, to consume me in her light. She didn't know that I would gladly give my life to embrace the light of her flesh, to kiss the sun from her lips. But I shall follow her—to the end of the earth, if need be. Look."

He pointed to the ground and I cried out in amazement. Wherever the Sun Girl's feet had trod, they had left footprints as small as those of a child but resplendent in their golden light.

"If I fail to find her before daybreak," Jorge added, I shall wait until night returns, again and again. I shall not rest until I find her. For I do not want life without her. Good-by, my friend. In the nights to come, until we meet, I shall be wandering after her."

And he disappeared down the trail of glowing footsteps.

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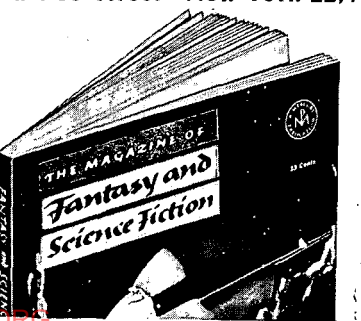

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